WILLKIE
AND
AMERICAN UNITY

including

FACE TO FACE WITH PRESIDENTS

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WILLKIE
and AMERICAN UNITY

including

FACE TO FACE WITH PRESIDENTS

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE INCORPORATED
NEW YORK BOSTON

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DEDICATED

TO THE MEMORY OF

"MRS. JOE"—

ANNA RYDER CHAPPLE

JAN 24 1969

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FORWARD FOR THE 1940's

I MAKE my bow to you—not as an author but as a compiler.

This was the role I played in the publication of the "Heart Throbs" books now in millions of American homes.

The biography of Wendell Willkie cannot be written at this time. His greatest achievements lie before him.

In this volume I have endeavored to gather together fragments of information and incidents concerning the activities of Wendell Willkie up to the beginning of his campaign for the Presidency of the United States.

This work has been of absorbing interest from the start. The career of Wendell Willkie up to this date has impressed me because of its dramatic and virile achievements more than that of any candidate for President I have followed as a newspaperman and magazine editor in the past forty years.

Although I have known, and met face to face, fourteen Presidents of the United States, I have never met one who so thoroughly appeals to the youthful and forward-looking spirit of our country as does Wendell Willkie today. From the time I first met him I have found my

enthusiasm for him as a personality growing keener—as, indeed, is the case with countless other Americans.

I have read much that has been written about him and much that he has written. As one reads, the conviction steadily grows that he expresses in a clear, logical and understanding way what millions of Americans feel. In many of his comments, there is a convincing note that is attuned to "the American way." Always colorful, seldom repeating, but often reiterating the one great ideal of America—AMERICAN UNITY!

So here I present Wendell Willkie in 1940, on the eve of his great endeavor to bring about an invincible national spirit of unity, reaffirming our priceless heritage as American citizens, ready to face whatever may come for the preservation of the unalienable rights of the American people voiced in our Constitution and the Declaration of Independence.

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE.

The Book-Nest
Winthrop, Mass.
1940

WILLKIE AND AMERICAN UNITY

WENDELL WILLKIE'S PRINCIPLES

I

The purpose of government is to make men free. Their freedom must be economic as well as political. Unemployed men are not free men.

II

Freedom is achieved only by limiting the power of *everyone,* whether in business or government. Big government is just as bad as big business.

III

Freedom is also achieved by establishing certain economic guarantees. We must provide: for the destitute and the unemployed; for reasonable old-age pensions and unemployment allowances; for public works; for public health; for the right of labor to bargain collectively; for the regulation of public utilities and of big business. Many of these things the New Deal has done.

IV

But farming, business, and industry have made this country great—*not* government. Therefore, while establishing minimum economic guarantees, and while regulating big business, we must clear the way for private enterprise.

We do not want relief, we want jobs. This the New Deal has not done.

V

To clear the way for private enterprise our government must have a business attitude toward our economic problems. It must be the steward of our prosperity. It must see to it that the economy operates for the profit of us, the people. This calls for the following major steps:

VI

A new tax policy designed to raise the necessary money with the least possible harm to private enterprise.

VII

A new spending policy. When the government spends our money for us it should open up new economic opportunity for our private enterprises. Increasing our debts without increasing our opportunities will end us in bankruptcy. This is a simple business principle.

VIII

A new kind of budget which will reveal how the government is spending our money. The present budget does not tell us, and therefore we cannot really control our expenditures or the power of the spenders.

IX

A new international outlook which will recognize that long-term prosperity cannot be attained without foreign

trade. We must work toward a post-war reconstruction that will include reciprocal trade agreements, open international markets, and international monetary standards that can be relied on.

X

We are overwhelmingly against war. Nevertheless, we have a stake in the democratic way of life, and we cannot guarantee how we shall feel if democracy is defeated everywhere else in the world. For this reason it is prudent to take such economic steps as we can, within the limits of neutrality and international law, to help prevent the destruction of other democracies. And we should not be afraid to provide ourselves with a modern army, a strong navy, and the world's best air force. If we don't want to go to war we won't have to.

I

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE HOOSIER BREAKFAST

LET me tell you my story of Wendell L. Willkie.

In this year of 1940, when we are faced with a crisis as keen as that of 1860, America has produced again a homespun deliverer with Lincoln's qualities to cope with times which call for a People's President.

In less than forty-eight days from the time his name was first presented as candidate for President he was chosen as the man to lead a great political party. Willkie was almost unknown to millions of Americans, but back of him was and is the inexorable law of logical sequence accelerating his cause.

On Monday morning, June 24, I arrived in Philadelphia to attend my twelfth successive national convention of the Republican party. Heretofore I had met many delegates from all States in the Union who gave me the "auld acquaintance" greeting I never could forget. To me it has always been a great drama that marks the making of our Presidents—a national party convention—for it is an event in which people from all the States meet to nominate their candidates.

It is the time when "We, the People" have a direct voice in the affairs of the greatest representative republic in all history. It carries on the procedure and the spirit of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Naturally, after being duly "badged" and securing the coveted tickets, I felt that I, too, must have a candidate as well as the delegates who would do the balloting. Visiting all the headquarters, I realized that I had met every candidate face to face, including the flotilla of "favorite sons" who held the floating vote that might well determine who was to head the party ballot. They all seemed good men to me; and amid the shouting of the crowds, the blare of bands, and the waving of massive banners I looked over the paddock, and the feeling that there might be a dark horse in the race, to produce the "daily double"—the winning ticket—grew in intensity.

And yet it seemed beyond all precedent and only a remote possibility that the "dark horse" I had in mind could so completely sweep the field as to secure a majority of the 1,000 delegates. Three-fourths of the delegates were bound by pledges!

As the formalities proceeded in Convention Hall, so vividly described in the newspapers and over the radio, the psychology of this mobile mass of human beings, sitting in dignified array under the banners of their various States, seemed like a first-hand view of public opinion molding a momentous decision for millions of fellow Americans.

Not until the fourth ballot did I feel that a miracle in

political history was at hand. It was then that the outcome was clearly foreshadowed.

Beneath the breathless tension of the now historic sixth ballot we could feel the heart throb of the people—calling for a man strong enough to win the victory that was the hope of the hour; furthermore, we could feel the presence and support of the millions of Americans who were gathered about the radio in their homes.

In the small hours of the new day many of the people retired with a feeling of security that the country would elect Wendell Willkie as President of the United States . . . and awakened in the morning with a new faith in the Unity of America.

Let us now go back to Tuesday morning, when I attended a breakfast given to a portion of the Indiana delegation at the Hotel Benjamin Franklin by a friend of the Hoosier-born lad. Before they had finished the honeydew melon there arose the guest of honor of that little group—a tall, sturdy man, blue-eyed, with wide mouth, perfect teeth, a shock of brown hair overshadowing his brow, and a voice that carried conviction and promise as he chatted over the coffee cups.

Before his second cup of coffee he stood up and continued a discussion of public affairs that convinced even the outsiders that some day this man would be President. He spoke like a President. He acted like a President. And he looked like a President. He seemed to have the sympathetic appeal of real sincerity as he discussed, comprehensively, the ideals and issues before the people.

The outstanding impression, whispered at the table and among the spectators, was that he was a man of predominant common sense. He referred tenderly to his birthplace, Elwood, Indiana, and spoke as a Hoosier might speak in the poems of James Whitcomb Riley or as a Hoosier might sing "On the Banks of the Wabash."

Amid the clatter of dishes and the flitting waiters, this man proceeded to deliver an address the like of which I had never heard from the lips of any candidate for President. The dominating theme was "UNITY"—in the homes, in the communities, in the States and in the Nation. Unity in times of peace as well as unity in grim wartimes.

The man spoke as a captain who had led his company in the fields of France. He spoke as a father, as a son, as a businessman, as a farmer, as a boy working his way through school, as a laborer in any one of varied vocations, as a school-teacher, and as the top executive of a successful corporation.

He insisted that the genius of the age was business. For what can be done in any American activity, whether farm, professional, or industrial pursuits, except through the channels of business in one form or another? He pronounced it the foundation of prosperity and peace, declaring that the destiny of the government rests upon the solution of a united economic interest that represents us, the people, and not a class or party.

After my second cup of coffee I closed my eyes and it seemed that in fancy I could see Lincoln in his debates

with Douglas, or in Cooper Union in New York when, in plain, simple words, he pointed out the dangers and perils of disunion.

Lincoln—yes, when he made his plea in what scoffers called "platitudes," in sentences fraught with plain common sense.

I opened my eyes to see Mr. Willkie swinging his long arms, as if in an all-embracing gesture, as he proceeded to enunciate the vital issues of the times.

Just then, telegrams poured in on the delegates urging them to vote for Willkie. He smiled as he saw them, but kept right on talking; and those present felt that they were better Americans for having heard the voice of a real crusader who in an outburst of eloquence declared:

We believe in ourselves, the American people.

We believe in our own ingenuity, our own energies and our own sense of fairness.

We believe in our American liberties, in our own American laws, in our American traditions of free enterprise.

We believe in our industries, which have revolutionized the world and have provided us with the widest horizon any people have ever had.

We believe in our workers, their skill and craftsmanship, their love of a full day's work, their desire for a full opportunity to get ahead.

We believe in our young men and women, their desire to learn, to take their places beside us at the controls of

industry and in all phases of American activity with an irresistible demand for a new future.

We believe that these elements in our society, and all elements in our society, desire to work together to build a still greater nation than the one we have now.

This we recognize as a difficult job—but it is a job that we all want to do.

It is a job we CAN do if we work together!

In these words Wendell Willkie has provided a credo for his party, as eloquent as the genius of the great American poet Walt Whitman and as simply spun.

When he arose from the breakfast table to say good-by, he made an uncanny prediction:

"I hope," he said, "to have seventy votes on the first ballot. The nomination will be made on the sixth or seventh ballot. My supporters say I will be the nominee, and I think I should be."

II

THE AVALANCHE RUMBLES

SOON after I had parked my elbows on the pine desks in the press section at Convention Hall there were rumblings of the Willkie avalanche.

It was evidenced in the undertones of comments among the newspapermen. On the stage, the sedate national committeemen and distinguished guests addressed each other in suppressed whispers concerning "that man Willkie." As the band played "Heigh-ho" with its resounding chorus of "off to work we go," it seemed like a theme song for the dark-horse favorite.

The great mass of faces before me on the floor or in the galleries, or swarming in the cockpit where the delegates and alternates were seated, seemed like a living mirror of humanity. Delegates were eager to address the chairman, and sat with heads glued to movable microphones as if anxious to be part of something that was simmering in the minds of that great throng. There was even a distinctive glisten in the eyes of the Willkie rooters that shone in that surging ocean of heads. These rooters were mostly young people and lusty-lunged.

All through the formal opening hours there seemed to

be a suppressed desire in this portion of the audience to shout.

The scene was indescribable; I have never seen anything like it in a national convention. Newspapermen like myself had to extract spot-news paragraphs out of the air while the telegraph messengers and copy boys waited. Many scribes left their desks and went out scouting for a lead while the newspapers and radio networks were awaiting the next move of the invisible but nonetheless real avalanche. There were many wild guesses, but everyone was seeking to foreshadow the reality of the next hour from the unrealities of the moment. Betimes, some of the pledged delegates wrinkled their brows as they thought of the sheaf of Willkie telegrams received from the folks back home before they were out of bed that morning.

It started as a free-wheeling gathering and continued so to the end.

When former President Herbert Hoover delivered his address there was respectful attention, although the loud speakers in the hall did not bring his voice to distant corners of the hall. This had a psychological effect on the reception of Mr. Hoover's speech by the galleries.

The presence of Herbert Hoover recalled to those who had attended the Republican National Convention in 1936 the tremendous demonstration that followed his address at that time. The spirit of fair play had caught the convention throng and they began an outburst that sounded like a battle cry: "We want Hoover! We want Hoover!"

Hoover left the stage immediately after he finished speaking and was on the train leaving Cleveland long before the spontaneous tribute subsided. Many present at that time believed that had he remained it might have resulted in his nomination—but he had already declared his intentions.

There were also individuals present in Philadelphia who remembered the stirring call: "We want Teddy! We want Teddy!" This was a vote primer in the early days of the century, but the Hoover incident at Cleveland may have been in the minds of the irrepressible cheerleaders of the Willkie avalanche. It required only the signal from a man on the stage, waving a pipe, to start a Willkie demonstration. The Sphinx seemed to be calling for a leader rather than for a political candidate. The stars seemed to be pointing to the mid-West, outlining the shadowy form of a comparatively unknown man in the political firmament. The specter on the horizon was growing larger while the old guard shivered as the balloting time approached.

Evidence accumulated minute by minute that the activities of the thousand Willkie clubs all over the country had crystallized a formidable candidate. Old-timers with pen and pencil were trying to figure out the results, but it all ended in ciphers with the rim off as far as figures were concerned.

Congressman Charles A. Halleck, 39, was busy preparing the nominating speech but did not finish it in time to have it properly censored. Temporary Chairman

Stassen of Minnesota, 37, threw a bombshell into the ranks of the old guard when he came out for Willkie despite the pledges of other delegates from that State. From the chairmanship of the convention he became the floor leader of the Willkie forces. In the Connecticut headquarters Governor Baldwin was smoking his pipe and preparing for the seconding speech that would forecast a solid vote for Willkie.

Hour after hour Willkie continued his gymnastic exercise of hand-shaking and over and over insisted as he met the people: "I'm in front of a friend"—and he looked the part. All these preliminary outbursts of enthusiasm culminated in that moment when the curtain fell on the act of nominating a President. Beside his wife on that Friday afternoon, amid the wild acclaim of a great convention and showers of confetti and balloons, he seemingly felt that he was taking the oath on the steps at the Capitol on Inauguration Day.

In the stunning silence, he declared:

"I stand before you without a single pledge or promise or understanding of any kind except for the advancement of your cause and the preservation of American democracy."

This declaration was made with uplifted hand as if in supplication for consecration to the real work before him; it was made in the presence of his wife and helpmate, indicating in the picture a symbol of Unity in the fight for American rights, for a freedom that would enable the people to continue building up the American home and

to maintain the American standard of living through their devotion to New-World ideals.

In the heat of the platform discussion I heard Willkie again commend to "caller" prospects the reciprocal treaties of Cordell Hull, insisting that they constituted an academic question, a phase of governmental relations that should remain elastic rather than static.

Such elasticity, he believed, would enable the United States, fortified with a unity of purpose, to build up a foreign trade and secure goods from abroad on a fair trading basis. He called attention to the fact that James G. Blaine, one-time Republican candidate for presidential honors, and the late President William Howard Taft, father of his rival, Senator Taft, were valiant advocates of a genuine reciprocal foreign trade policy.

Sitting there in the press section at the Convention, a section deserted for the moment by the hordes of reporters busy getting off "flashes" to their newspapers, I felt that I was witnessing the first night of a great play. The galleries were packed to the roof; lights flashed on and off, giving minute-by-minute photographs. The television lights were blinding, so much so that Chairman Martin had to ask that they be turned out at times.

Blue was the dominant convention color—the giant blue curtain behind the stage—blue standards for the States, surmounted by the triumphant elephant.

It was a mingling of discipline and no-discipline; a suppressed frenzy with brass bands blaring in the rear while the crowd burst with booster shrieks—then a lull.

Far above the floor were the glass-enclosed control rooms of the radio networks, the directors peering through the plate glass windows as though they were directing a big show. Since the days of the first Fourth of July celebration the American people have felt that they must celebrate their enthusiasm with noise—roaring, ear-splitting noise. The political national convention of these United States of America has carried on the tradition that freedom and patriotic impulse must be heralded with bonfires and firecrackers to reflect the spirit of American initiative.

Political conventions are, in a way, glorified Fourth of July celebrations.

Some of the processions planned for garnering votes would have made P. T. Barnum envious. There was the procession of the Gannett elephant on Broad Street, heavily laden with portraits. There were the James Breaker Boys attired in miners' outfits with the Davy lights glowing, singing songs reflecting the Welsh spirit; the Uncle Sam boys and girls attired nattily in Uncle Sam uniforms and carrying whizzing umbrellas to portray the dauntless spirit of the redoubtable Dewey.

The gallery goddess was there, dressed in white. She cheered for Willkie alone and the crowd gallantly followed suit. The badge men outside had every kind of insignia in banners and buttons, for everyone wore a badge and all passed with mutual nods of recognition, even if they represented rival candidates. The desks of the delegates were adorned with flags, fans and a gen-

erous supply of literature which was most often added to the ten tons of rubbish swept up every night by the janitors.

If there was any device known to attract and lure a vote or amuse a voter that did not appear at this convention it must be obsolete. There were style shows and girl drum majors with jaunty steps and twirling batons; bands raised the roofs of hotel lobbies although wornout delegates were trying to get a few hours of rest and composure.

I could not help thinking what a contrast it all was to the gatherings in regimented Europe, where grim silence precludes the expression of an individual opinion, where misgivings, apprehension, fright, and suspense are the bitter portions of a people prisoners to a system which recognizes only brute force and conquest as the ruling power of nations.

No other nation selects its rulers and party leaders on the plan adopted by the colonists, the town meeting plan.

The stately choral selection, "Ballad of America," added its musical strength.

Voices and music seemed to come from the far distance —modern music that seemed like grand opera tuned to the industrial activities of the age, running the gamut of tones and undertones and a chromatic scale with every note subdivided into subtones. The applause was generous, but when that audience heard the refrain of "God Bless America" they arose as if it were already a national anthem.

After all, the one thing that the American people do agree upon and respect is The Flag, symbol that represents all of us as Americans and to all of us our United States of America.

Wendell Willkie's face was a study as he listened to the opening proceedings of the convention. It made us all, somehow, think of the old home. Doubtless Willkie was thinking of the two-story frame house in Elwood, Indiana, where his father and mother, three brothers and two sisters, lived and where he was the firstborn of a typical American family. There was plenty of food, a good library, and daily chores for each child to do in addition to school work. And an attic where good neighbors could witness a performance of a Shakespearean play read and studied by the school children. It was a healthy and normal neighborhood at a time when parents and children had to amuse themselves and could not depend on picture shows.

There was little poverty in the Main Street towns and plenty of leisure hours more important to utilize than the hours of labor. There was little discussion about democracy except in campaign years—for democracy is not a theory in Indiana. It is a daily experience and a normal way of life, in which things are learned by doing things.

Soldiers of the Civil War were volunteers, and it was the volunteer spirit that built up the unprecedented, incomparable campaign crew that resulted in the naming of a President.

In many ways it was the greatest advertising campaign

ever conducted in these United States, and Congressman Bruce Barton, author and advertising executive, knew his mass psychology that resulted in the demand for "the Willkie brand of goods."

III

"WE WANT WILLKIE!"

THE story of the campaign for the nomination is a most inspiring overture to the campaign for election. Strange as it may seem, Oren Root, Jr., the "one-man" campaigner who started things going, had launched his movement in a subtle way. A young lawyer took on Willkie as a client and began "rooting." As the grand-nephew of Senator Elihu Root, the master mind of three administrations, he lived up to family traditions.

At a meeting of the New York Young Republicans Club Root offered a most modest resolution commending Mr. Willkie for his criticism of the New Deal—this in spite of the fact that the club had endorsed previously the candidacy of Thomas E. Dewey. Root, on his own initiative, sent out 60,000 petitions, and the demand increased as the call of volunteers poured into his office. Hundreds of college students joined in the Willkie procession when Wendell Willkie received a college degree at Colgate University.

The battle cry "We want Willkie" was launched and the Willkie movement continued with the intrepid, die-hard spirit of the crusaders. They dramatized their cam-

paign and planned a fitting climax. A meeting in the Metropolitan Opera House was arranged where Wendell Willkie spoke facing the famous "diamond horseshoe," and his resonant voice joined the echoes of prima donnas and operatic songbirds. This speech was heard over a nation-wide radio hookup, and perhaps more people listened in than had at any opera produced in this shrine of the divine art.

With gestures that ran the gamut from the tragic Macbeth and Hamlet kind to those of the winsome and fascinating Faust, Wendell Willkie announced a pulsating defense that struck home.

"The present administration," he declared, "has proven itself incompetent to defend us from ourselves; we dare not, therefore, trust it to defend us from strangers."

Then followed the eloquent plea for National Unity which seemed to be so appropriate in an auditorium dedicated to harmony, personifying the spirit of pulling together within the limits of the bars and measures the musical score of national solidarity for defense.

Willkie's purpose was to make the hitherto opprobrious term "utility" contain the lexicon of national progress, even if he wore the mantle of an executive of a corporation labeled "utility"; he gave the word its real meaning and significance in its relation to national affairs.

On a hot day in May I wandered into the office of Oren Root late in the afternoon. Sitting near the switchboard, with a typewriter clanging in my ears, and trying to adjust my 200-plus pounds to a fragile folding chair, I

waited patiently. Before me was a group of volunteers, tired, weary but triumphant, filing and answering questions, all working long after hours, plugging right on regardless of "dates" or dinner engagements.

In a little while I was given the information I desired, and the young woman who thus satisfied my wants smiled and said:

"This is my first experience, and I'm beginning to realize what it means to nominate a President."

There was something about that scene in Root's office that suggested the driving power of our predatory instincts when associated with a purpose and an objective that represents something outside of our own personal gain.

While Willkie demonstrations provided the picturesque and stirring features of the Philadelphia convention, there was something, too, in that masterful address of Herbert Hoover that will never be forgotten; it provided a chart for national policies based on constructive ideas. Mr. Hoover had his headquarters, and here was the center for counsel and advice from the elder statesman. But the real triumph of Herbert Hoover, as I see it, was in the address that so comprehensively covered the situation and served as a party platform. Hoover delivered it in a dreary monotone; he paused frequently for a drink of water; yet as he stood under the glaring lights, his face mellowed by the advancing years, he championed valiantly the philosophy of the party which had given him its highest honors.

His speech did not evoke candidatorial fervor, for it was evident at the time that he was seeking no further honors from his party.

As usual, shy before the microphone and with his habit of looking down, the 'mike' was raised to enable Hoover to read his manuscript more easily. The amplifiers, however, did not carry to all parts of the Convention Hall, so that the radio audience heard the former President much more clearly than did the visible audience.

The band played many new songs, but soon broke into the old campaign tunes as the throngs applauded Hoover.

And then, as the "Whistle While You Work" hit from "Snow White" became a theme song, the galleries roared and echoed, again and again, a rumble of demand:

"We Want Willkie!! We Want Willkie!!"

New phases of campaigning evolved day by day. Wendell Willkie had more "written in" votes than any candidate who ever appeared in Presidential primaries. He adapted himself easily to all manner of conferences, with or without newspapermen. Conferences were held every hour on the hour to provide opportunities for outbursts that might not be so effective in stump speeches.

With a memory of his experience in the World War during the early years of his manhood, Willkie wanted to see no more war. He saw quite enough on the fields of Flanders and France.

Participating in the initial organization, the robust young Captain Willkie had his part in formulating a direct drive against the Fifth Column. The work of the

Dies Committee has been an astonishing revelation of what has been going on since the World War through insidious, treacherous organizations and individuals who have essayed to repeat the story of the Trojan horse, and have attempted to "bore in" through the infamous spy system initiated in Germany and practiced throughout Continental Europe.

Willkie, while defending soldiers, white and colored, who had got into trouble in the A. E. F. through ardent love letters with their cryptic "xxxxxxx's" (indicating kisses), was able to distinguish between guileless innocence and treacherous design and purpose.

Political expediency never was a studied science with Willkie—never!

His surefooted and decisive manner also indicates a judicial aptitude that comes from experience in court where both sides are being heard. As a judge who was blind once said to me:

"Willkie could almost feel his case, as I can feel the attitude of guilt or innocence as plaintiff or defendant speaks."

There was something prophetic in Willkie's nickname. He was called "Win" and he has acquired the habit of making that nickname count when he keeps his mind concentrated on those three letters that indicate victory.

As a lad, even, he stood his ground when the police charged on a group of boys for shouting, "Cheese it, the cops!" The other boys scattered. Not so Win and his brother Ed. They stood their ground and took their medi-

cine, even though it might mean a night in the Bloomington hoosegow. This "awful" calamity was reported to Wendell's father by some gossip-loving women busybodies. His reply astonished them.

"I'm proud of my boys," he said. "They stood their ground, took their medicine, and did not run away."

Apropos of the vigorous campaign that Wendell Willkie will naturally direct against any and all individuals who are not ready and eager to take the vow of American Unity, comes a thought in connection with a visit I made to the Holy Land. I stood on the site of the house with the "upper room" where the Master sat with his disciples at the Last Supper.

It was His farewell to His twelve disciples—a scene that enshrines in eternal memory the sacrament of fellowship among humankind. At the end of the board, breaking bread and sipping the wine with the Master and His devoted followers, sat Judas Iscariot, feigning undying loyalty to the beloved Son of God—the one out of this Twelve, chosen with divine approval, who proved a traitor.

Does this same proportion of disloyalty persist among the citizens of nations?

One out of twelve would mean that over eight per cent of the population of the peoples in various countries constitute the "Fifth Column" that has sold the sturdy little independent nations of Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Finland, Denmark, Norway, and Holland, and even Belgium and France, delivering them to the Centurion Hitler to loot.

Is it possible that Mussolini, in sight of a bulwark of Christendom, has sold his country to the Nazis for the promise of more gold and silver? Will the birthplace of a powerful Christian church prove to be the marketplace where the Berlin axis will continue in its ruthless Juggernaut journey to crush the ideals of Christian civilization and return the people to the tyranny of the Caesars?

But Caesar met his fate from Brutus, the "honorable" friend.

Are there among us in our land of the free those who are ready to sell American citizenship for the mess of pottage proffered by dictators whose hands drip with the blood of millions of innocent civilians, women and children, proffered on sacrificial altars where smolder the fires of hate over the charred ruins of millions of homes?

The remedy is obvious, urgent—we must prepare as never before, with eternal vigilance for defense which, in this and all other free nations, now and ever has been the price of liberty.

The gruesome wings of Lucifer hang over Europe. What will be the next move of the Satanic demon to add to his somber regions some of the nations of the New World established under Heaven-born ideals of freedom? Tyrannies of Europe blaze anew from the embers of the past, tyrannies cursed with human misery and suffering under the slavery of regimentation by methods that rival the tortures pictured in Dante's Inferno.

But with all these dark shadows, we in America face forward under the Willkie banner with faith, with hope

and charity for all, but with a vigilance in deathless defense. There still exist nations and people that wear a thread of true blue loyalty in their garments; the spirit of humanity still glows within them, responding to the divine impulse of mercy and peace.

And so, on the eve of a Presidential campaign and election, 1940, we consecrate ourselves anew to the words of our immortal Declaration of Independence, pledging our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor to the cause of American Unity so well espoused by Wendell L. Willkie." The "flag is still there!"

A bit of color against the blue—
Hues of the morning. Blue for true,
And red for the kindling light of flame,
And white for the nation's stainless fame.
Oh, fling it forth to the winds afar,
With hope in its every shining star,
Under its folds wherever found,
Thank God, we have freedom's holy ground.

It is not amiss to note that this poem is one of Wendell Willkie's favorites, one that he often recited in his Elwood home town school.

IV

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN——?

LET'S sit down and have a look at the flashes of biographical tidbits and weave them into a continuity of a Presidential candidate.

Of course, we'll have to begin with the basic information that he was born in Elwood, Indiana. Christened Lewis Wendell Willkie, the Lewis was overlooked when he became Captain Wendell Willkie. He liked the "Wendell," for it recalled one of the great New England orators—Wendell Phillips, to say nothing of Oliver "Wendell" Holmes, magnificent writer. Willkie was named after Wendell Phillips.

The date of his birth was February 18, 1892, and this, incidentally, happens to be the day on which my mother was born at Bloomington, Indiana, where Willkie attended college. Now when I celebrate my Hoosier mother's birthday, I will think also of the birthday of a Presidential candidate—and, I hope, a President.

Willkie's father was Herman Francis Willkie and his mother was Henrietta Trisch. His grandparents on the paternal side came from Germany to the United States to escape political persecution. They were among the

German immigrants who played such important parts in settling and developing our middle West. The leader of this German group, by the way, was Carl Schurz, member of President Hayes' cabinet.

It seems fitting that a descendant of these political refugees of '48, Wendell Willkie, should at 48 be chosen as the figure to preserve American freedom and liberty.

The German group arrived in our country in time to take part in the Civil War; they rallied to Lincoln and to his promise for homes safe from the heel of European tyrannies.

One would naturally expect the boy Wendell to be prankish, full of vim, vigor and vitality. At the age of 11 he was in partnership with his brother Ed selling the "two-holer and four-holer" outdoor buildings, small but essential, immortalized by the late Chic Sales. These were the buildings that the boys took a delight in overturning on Hallowe'en. The more they overturned, the better the business.

Many of you remember your own boyhood days when, like Willkie, you sold newspapers. Willkie sold newspapers successfully because he had a loud voice. He also drove a bakery wagon to provide pocket money. His father was a lawyer; so was his mother, the first woman to be admitted to the practice of law in Indiana. Leather-bound volumes of Blackstone adorned the Willkie home as well as the office of Willkie & Willkie, man and wife, who battled with legal problems in the courts while their husky boys battled with the home problems, washed the

dishes, did the chores, and kept the home fires burning.

The first requisite in the Willkie home was to know how to work, and discipline was carried out with all the exactitude of legal procedure.

Yes, there was a hickory stick hanging in the woodshed, and father probably had many a touching interview with Wendell when he strayed from the paths of obedience.

Perhaps you remember, too, when your lovely soprano voice changed and became an adult croak. When Wendell's voice was changing, he would start his high-school orations in a high treble and finish them in a low bass.

The same bell that called to Wendell, hastening his lagging footsteps on his way to school, still rings. Over the arched doorway of the Elwood High School is the motto: "The hope of the country."

Within an hour after his nomination Willkie, when asked where he was going to deliver his speech of acceptance, said: "On the steps of the old high school at Elwood."

This decision thrilled me, for I have faced hundreds of thousands of high-school boys and girls at assemblies and have faith in the old tradition that some day one of these boys may be President.

Presidents, Senators, Governors and business leaders all are recruited from the ranks of our American schools. Willkie's decision to dedicate himself to his country as a Presidential candidate from the steps of his old school reflects the virile purpose of all embryo candidates who are

still attending school and absorbing the elements of leadership which lie within the reach of American boys and girls.

When Willkie received his high-school diploma he realized that it represented, indeed, commencement—for his purpose was fixed to earn a college education and then to become, some day, as good a lawyer as his dad, his boyhood hero.

As a farmer Willkie knew that the sale of soil products at good prices depended on supply and demand. He knew, too, that if the industrial legions of America were at work they could buy and pay a price without any governmental price-fixing, or plowing under, or wanton destruction of farm products in order to build up farm prices through scarcity, thus falsely bolstering income. The fearful spectacle of the destruction of livestock and tons of food while millions of human beings were hungry, did not appeal to Farmer Willkie.

At the Philadelphia convention, face to face with delegates and political lights from all over the Union, Willkie mentioned one Senator. Said he in the hotel lobby: "McNary understands the farm problem."

Was it this remark that led to the overwhelming demand for McNary as Vice-President, even before the balloting began?

The career of Senator McNary is as fascinating as that of Wendell Willkie. Small in stature but big in intellect, McNary is not given to speechmaking. But his leadership

of the minority brings to the G. O. P. ticket an expert in constructive and liberal legislation for the farmers and workers of our country.

Few men have made such a record in Congress; especially in the Senate has McNary won admiration and confidence. Even President Roosevelt has relied on Charles L. McNary to untangle many a legislative snarl; he calls him "Charlie."

There was something in the expression on Willkie's face when he heard of McNary's nomination for the Vice-Presidency that indicated his increased confidence in victory. The ticket spans the country from coast to coast—east, New York; mid-West, Indiana; and the great West "where rolls the Oregon."

The banners are ready to be unfurled. The Republican ticket for 1940 carries the two magic names, Willkie and McNary. The elephant swings his trunk upward, symbolizing triumph at the polls.

Candidate Willkie is nothing if not versatile. Let's dig deeper into his adolescent days. It took him seven years to be graduated because he was earning his education. He harvested wheat in Minnesota; worked in the oil fields of Texas and Wyoming; labored in the vegetable gardens of California; husked corn in Iowa; and for a brief time was maitre d'hotel in a hot dog restaurant, where his aptitude at washing dishes served him in good stead.

All this time he was being educated and learning the power of unity of purpose, although it cost him many a detour in occupations.

He was a natural radical and participated in every opportunity to debate. He loved devilment now and then, and lived up to the college atmosphere. He chewed tobacco defiantly, spat in the corner of the stairway, wore a turtle-necked red sweater and finally was graduated in 1913. Then he began looking for a job.

Like many Presidents of the United States, Willkie started as a school-teacher. Asked why, he replied: "The only way to know things is to teach them."

His record as a teacher of history in the high school at Coffeyville, Kansas, is significant in that the first solid State vote that turned the tide of his nomination came from Kansas. The Kansas delegation was under the leadership of former candidate Alf Landon and William Allen White, the Sage of Emporia, the Kansas country editor who helped to turn the tide in another campaign in 1896.

That was the time when White wrote his famous editorial, "What's the Matter with Kansas?" and swung things in the McKinley campaign against William Jennings Bryan.

The editorial told the story of what was the matter with the country so well that millions of copies of it were distributed as a campaign document by the Warwick President-maker Mark A. Hanna, who was conducting a campaign to restore the Republican party to power with the battle cry of "a full dinner pail," and heralding McKinley as the advance agent of prosperity, promising to lead the country out of the slough of despond following

the panic of '93 into an era of unparalleled prosperity.

Is history repeating itself?

Now I revert again to the Philadelphia convention while we are on the subject of national prosperity.

When I heard of Willkie as a utilities president and had heard him on the radio battling with Jackson and Ickes, and later in "Information, Please," I never thought of him as a candidate. Never, that is, until a prominent businessman whom I had never known to be interested in politics, and who was remarkably accurate in his business prognostications, said to me:

"There's the man for President."

My friend could not recall Willkie's name, but he remembered the words of a speech that gave heart to depressed businessmen. He went out and organized a Willkie club in his community and the neighbors thought he had gone crazy; he couldn't even remember Willkie's first name. Later he wrote me a letter saying that the man in mind was Wendell Willkie and that I had better get busy if I was looking for a Presidential bandwagon.

The girls and young men in my friend's offices were wearing Willkie buttons with their fraternity and sorority pins. I rode with a hack driver who remarked casually over his shoulder, "Willkie looks like a winner to me."

I met a number of women at a social gathering, and as they looked at his photo, they commented: "Isn't he a handsome man!" "What beautiful hair he has!" "See that mouth, those eyes!"

It was the sort of adoration that comes occasionally to

a movie star; but this time the ladies were thinking of someone who would play the part of a Presidential nominee in the great moving picture that looms up before the nation every four years and, like all motion pictures, creates the speculation, "How will it end?"

Above all, the public can read in the Willkie speeches an understanding of what this great motion picture is all about.

In every newspaper, on the radio, in the movies, the American people have caught fragments of the Willkie story. In 1940 his life career is more familiar to people than that of George Washington. People love to gossip about people, and the pitiless spotlight of public interest has been turned full on this young Lochinvar from the mid-West who, like Bryan, has captivated the country first by his speeches and his personal appearance. Yet, while he appeals strongly to the home emotions, his talks are common-sense talks, they are American talks.

The old family album may have evolved into a series of snapshots of the children at various and all ages, but there's something about the Willkie album that's interesting—portraying the oldest son at all ages.

There weren't many people who told the Willkie boys that they all might become President of the United States. Among the four brothers Ed Willkie is the youngest. He is 6 feet 4 inches tall—in fact, all the boys register as six-footers. Ed is a big businessman, vice-president of Libby, McNeill & Libby.

Says Ed: "We at home were all brought up to feel that

the President of the United States is about the biggest thing on earth. We always thought that Wendell was the best and biggest brother who ever lived, and we never thought of any job that he couldn't eventually fill, given time to go into training.

"Even in a family of attorneys, Wendell wasn't a politician; but he was a great speaker on any and all occasions. He disliked generalities and was willing to step on someone's toes if he thought they needed it.

"He'd just as soon tell Wall Street to jump in the lake as he would Main Street, Elwood, and he has never sought what might be called popularity. He always did like to fight, especially when there was a real purpose in view. In all the twenty years since we parted to go our ways, I felt that wherever Wendell might light, or whatever emergency he might have to face, he would win out."

This recalls that while at lunch with Senator George H. Moses of New Hampshire during the convention, Moses was asked to comment on the forward rush of Willkie. Replied the Senator in those crisp tones that used to set the U. S. Senate agog:

"Willkie is the finest example of a political blitzkrieg I have ever seen. Just watch him move!"

All the Bull Moose spirit of the Republican and Democratic parties seems to concentrate on Willkie as the most able exponent of modern, streamlined political leadership.

V

FROM WILK TO WILLKIE

AT that eventful press conference in the Warwick Hotel, Philadelphia, when Edith Willkie stood by her husband in the first X-ray spotlight moment and faced a future as the First Lady of the Land, I heard from the lips of relatives bits of the romance that brought Edith and Wendell together in the holy bonds of matrimony.

Theirs was an early acquaintance that ripened into romance. When Edith Wilk left her home at Rushville to make her way in the world (as the town librarian in Elwood) the pretty and demure young Indiana lass little realized that she had taken a journey that was to lead her to the altar.

Wendell Willkie was working in a law office not far from the library. Although his office was filled with books, he made frequent trips to the library (strange, wasn't it?) to gather reference and research data. It was quite plain to the neighbors and observers in the small town that a charming courtship was in progress outside the court. Somehow there was a feeling that Wendell was not making the romantic grade, although he doubt-

less pleaded with Edith Wilk to add a few letters to her name and make it Willkie.

The case was discussed at length over the soda fountain in the corner drugstore, but Cupid was just around the corner waiting for the psychological moment. True love never really runs smoothly, does it?

With her advanced and sensible ideas, Miss Wilk had commended love stories for some of the women who called at the library, adventure stories for older children, and more sedate and intellectual books for those who had a flair for non-fiction and biography. She even advised high-school students as to topics for their English classes; and yet much of her vigorous and constructive effort was lost on the board of trustees, who entered in the minutes this momentous sentence, which seemed like coercion in petty detail when no recommendation for Miss Wilk's fine work was forthcoming:

"Miss Wilk reported the need of tape and cord and was instructed to procure same from Spiceland, Ind."

This aroused the ire of Wendell Willkie, who now became a true knight. He decided to enter into politics for the first time and secure a place on the board of trustees. He went into the lists with Edith Wilk's colors flying. Everyone talked about it with raised eyebrows. Why this sudden outburst of political ambition?

It was embarrassing for the little librarian, and she resigned and went back to Rushville. There is no record as to what occurred between the young people, but it looked as if Wendell had lost his case.

They did not know Wendell Willkie. He kept right on rushing to Rushville, and the odds swung round in his favor.

What happened is known only to two persons, but there was an Aunt Mary—the sort of Aunt Mary described by James Whitcomb Riley—who managed to say just the right thing when Edith sought her counsel. The fear that Wendell might not be able to make a living was not in her conception of Willkie's future career. She insisted that some day he was going to be somebody, and by a process of wooing, aided by the World War, Willkie reached his romantic goal.

On the day that the United States declared war on Germany, Lewis Wendell Willkie enlisted. Somehow the enrollment officer dropped the Lewis in making out the muster roll and Lewis Wendell Willkie became Wendell L. Willkie.

At the officers' training camp Willkie was commissioned a second lieutenant in the 325th Field Artillery stationed at Camp Taylor in Louisville. In the full glory of his brass buttons and khaki uniform he must have made a strategical assault on the heart of the Indiana maid. Aunt Mary was with her when she visited Wendell, who greeted her in full regalia.

My first glimpse of Mrs. Wendell Willkie was when I saw her at the press conference at the Warwick Hotel holding on to the coat of her bulky-framed husband as he pushed through the crowd.

A casual remark, "You'll have to hold tight!" from one

of the newspapermen with the craft's habit of ad lib comment met with a response from dancing eyes:

"He never lets me down."

She passed under her husband's arm as he presented her to the spectators. A petite woman, simply dressed, the orchids she wore were a crowning glory to the taste and simplicity of her attire and person. There was even confetti on her frock, for she had stood beside her husband at that supreme moment when he returned thanks to the convention in a speech of acceptance that was a model of brevity and sincerity.

Mrs. Willkie brushed away the confetti as coyly as a bride. At first she seemed bewildered by it all, but then she nestled up to the towering form and smiled as only a wife and mother can smile when happiness reigns in her household. It all exemplified the unity of the home as a model for the unity of the people of the nation.

One tribute I heard expresses it all:

"She was beautiful in her silence."

A battery of photographers on all sides was recording every expression of her eyes and mouth. The climax came when she conducted a group of relatives and friends from the old home town, including her mother, who was greeted with a kiss by Wendell, and had the family group picture taken in a glow of triumph.

When the Willkies were married, the date was set for January but they decided to have a June wedding in spirit. Old Boreas nearly upset the whole plan. On leave of absence, Wendell left camp with a bouquet of beauti-

ful roses that would remind Edith of June. And then came a blizzard. The thermometer dropped well below zero, but not so the hopes of the young bridegroom. While water pipes were bursting and the very ground crackled in the cold, his bouquet covered with frost, Willkie's heart was warm with real love.

Leaving the train on the snowbound prairies, Wendell finally arrived for the belated ceremony. It was held at a little church in Rushville, and soon afterward the happy groom had to bid adieu to his lovely bride as he hurried back to camp before the expiration of his leave.

I wonder who could describe the feelings of that young wife when she read the letters of her volunteer soldier husband from the camps and overseas?

Promotion came rapidly and Willkie soon wore the insignia of a captain and plunged into the great conflict with all the ardor of the grandson of one who had been driven from Germany in 1848 by the same brand of tyranny that prevailed in the Fatherland then and has continued on through the relentless rule of the Kaiser to the present day.

In those war experiences Captain Willkie, in his contact with his buddies and as counsel and friend in times of need, won the affection and admiration of his comrades. Even in those days he was talking constantly about "pulling together," and he insisted on getting together. The doughboys called him "Old Man Unity." This is why he felt instinctively that his comrades in the Legion would not let him down in the campaign for the nomination for

the Presidency if he could prove his case and give promise of the real service to his country in public life that he had tried to give on Flanders fields.

No man could have a finer helpmate than has Wendell Willkie in Edith Wilk Willkie. Not only is she a distinct personality in her own right—a good listener, a good neighbor, a loyal friend, an interesting conversationalist—but she is a homelike person. She knows all about the woes of working people, for she was a working girl, a wage earner. She is simple, direct, gracious, and charming.

Like her soldier husband and with soldierlike qualities, she faced newspaper men and women, photographers, news reel cameramen. Nervous? Of course she was. But she stayed with it and saw it through.

Her son Philip and her husband idolize her. She represents the highest type of American woman and as the First Lady of the Land she will uphold her position with all the graciousness and understanding of a very real person.

Synthetic swank and social pose will have no place in her regime at the White House. She is far too sincere a person for that. She, too, belongs to the greatest aristocracy of all—the American grass roots aristocracy.

Her clothes always are in exquisite taste—well-fitting and conservative. She can wear a size 14 from the hook in any store.

Her old friends back home call her "Billy." She is, indeed, a personality.

And with Billy and Wendell in the White House, we, the people, can rest in comfort and in peace, confident that we, the people, have honest, clean, wholesome, truly American representation at Washington, the heart of our American nation.

VI

TRIUMPHS OF A YOUNG LAWYER-SOLDIER

IT was in Ohio that Wendell Willkie began the test of his prowess as a trial lawyer.

He had victories, he had defeats; but all the while he was making a firsthand study of people (for juries are drawn from the people) as well as of law books.

Our present Presidential candidate had his moments of reaction and at times wondered what it was all about when he took his first fling at high finance legalities.

The "big three" of the tire business—Seiberling, Firestone and Shaw—had established the Akron *Times* to fight the I.W.W., which was playing havoc with the rubber business. When the I.W.W. was thwarted, the corporation heads had no further use for the newspaper. Seiberling and Shaw withdrew, leaving Firestone with a $100,000 investment and a mortgage on one Kreuger's home. To save his home, Kreuger retained Willkie, who kept his client safe from writ service and fought it out with Amos Miller, famous corporation lawyer from Chicago, who was Firestone's attorney.

The legal battle was so fierce that the case was settled out of court, greatly to the advantage of Willkie's client.

Firestone never forgot that Willkie walloping in court.

While these legal battles were in progress, B. C. Cobb, head of the Commonwealth and Southern, a holding company with power in fourteen States, saw and heard Willkie in action during frequent visits to the Akron courts.

This was during the dark days for holding companies, which were represented by Willkie's law firm.

Mather, head of the law firm, was leaving for a vacation in Europe and Cobb was worried about his corporation's legal business.

"I have a young man who will do the job perfectly," said Mather, and he sent for Willkie.

Cobb soon found himself depending on Willkie as a counsel in business as well as legal affairs. Working night and day with intricate legal entanglements, young Willkie continued to win cases and to keep in close contact with Cobb. He visited Cobb often in the latter's home.

The power situation at that time was most perplexing, and Cobb began to lean heavily on Willkie for advice.

In his contacts with factory workers in Akron, visiting their homes, Willkie found they were using only a few electric bulbs. Electrical appliances were only for the well-to-do people. This set Willkie to thinking.

"Got to sell more power," he told Cobb.

By this time Willkie was on the board of the Commonwealth and Southern, and at one directors' meeting he startled Cobb and the directors with this statement:

"Gentlemen, there is no value in power as distinguished

from its market. When the market is gone, all the value in productive power is gone.

"It doesn't matter how many transmission lines you own or how many generating stations, or how many miles of power transmission lines to factories, homes, stores. If you can't create a stable market for that power, the whole kit and boodle might just as well be at the bottom of the sea.

"Power is too expensive. The only way to make it cheaper is to get more users and more power and make the rates cheaper. The only way to make the rates cheaper is to consolidate management and cut the costs of production by stimulating the use of electric power. Don't just say to the public that if they want power you have it to sell at your terms; teach them how to use it and make it available to them."

This bold statement, in a way, influenced the entire industry and the corporate interests recognized the plain common sense in Willkie's policies, suggested first as an attorney and later as a corporation executive.

Now came the turn in the road of Willkie's career. A friend insisted that his law firm in New York should take in Willkie as one of the firm at $3,600 a year. While Willkie was doing well in Akron, he felt it was a good time to move on while everything was at a high peak.

There were no tears shed among those of the Akron attorneys whom Willkie had defeated in the court arena when they heard that Willkie was going to New York.

Willkie found himself in New York in 1929 when the financial crash came and hit many corporations. This led to Cobb moving Willkie from the law office to the executive offices of the Commonwealth and Southern to meet the financial breakers. Thus fate cast Willkie into this maelstrom of disaster to gain experience that would enable him later to understand and to plead the cause of economic security and sound government, as guaranteed in unity among all people.

He cut legal tape and found himself in high places of finance more than ever in sympathy with the cause of the plain people, as Lincoln loved to call us, in their fight against poverty and to maintain the standards of American living.

Willkie felt that if corporations ever had souls now was the time to reveal them, and thus avoid the perils of the revolutionary spirit that was spreading like wildfire through Europe and the world at large. He felt that it was time to take a reckoning and follow the safe course for perpetuating democracy by recognizing that a democracy is made up of the people whose rights as free men and women must always be considered.

The life and activities of the Republican candidate for the Presidency always have touched, and touched in some concrete way, the experiences of millions of people. One of the factors in vote getting, for example, is the support of the American Legion with its 900,000 members and its great and fine Auxiliary.

As one who was overseas I cannot resist mentioning an incident related to me by one of Captain Willkie's comrades.

In the darkest days of the war, when the doughboys at the front were in the trenches, walking the duckboards and gathering a generous crop of cooties, orders came for a dip.

Captain Willkie, returning the salute of one of his men he saw brushing cooties from his tunic, said:

"Well, buddy, getting rid of 'em, are you?"

"Yessir," came the reply. "Ah'm jest a-takin' them as dey come, damn 'em—jest a-takin' them as dey come."

Willkie afterward insisted that the philosophy of that lad inspired him to tackle a troublesome problem that day in defending one of the doughboys up for a court-martial for insubordination. As usual, Willkie won the case.

When Willkie returned from overseas and put his uniform in moth balls, he realized that he had to begin life. He was 27 years of age and felt that he had accomplished nothing. He was approached by Dale Crittenberger, a Democratic leader from Indiana, to run for Congress, for shrewd politicians realized that leaders from now on would be recruited largely from the ranks of the American Legion, in which Willkie was taking an active part.

Like a true son Willkie first consulted his father, a small-town lawyer with fifty years of practice.

"Don't take my advice, but consult someone else. Weigh the possibilities," was his dad's advice.

Willkie later conferred with Frank Dailey, father of two of his classmates. Willkie painted an enthusiastic picture of the prospects of the career, but the elder adviser replied:

"Wendell, it sounds fine; but there are some things you haven't considered.

"Lodge is tearing Wilson to shreds on the League of Nations. There's going to be intense reaction against the Democratic party and the whole administration may be swept out of power.

"I would settle down to the practice of law—not a small-town practice, but corporation law. They're looking for bright young lawyers for their legal departments and then you will have a profitable client."

Naturally Willkie was disappointed, but he didn't give up without a struggle. However, when Dailey insisted that Congressional jobs spoil a great many men for the real practice of the legal profession, Willkie struck the table with a bang of thanks and said:

"Where's the place, and how do I go about getting the job?"

He found an opening with the Firestone Tire Company in Akron at $175 a month.

"Well, this fee will support a family, even with the high cost of living," he argued with himself, and then consulted his wife, Edith Willkie. With characteristic spirit she said:

"Whatever you think best; I'm ready to move."

In reviewing the life of any real human being we cannot look for that jewel of consistency of which the poets sing. All real people must be inconsistent.

Wendell Willkie was a Democrat and soon after he arrived in Akron he found himself preparing cases involving the law of every State in the Union. In his library he prepared briefs and built up cases for other attorneys to plead; but his ambition was to plead for himself the cases he prepared. He realized that there were legions of able lawyers for counsel but a scarcity of attorneys to win cases at the crucial points in the proceedings.

He threw himself actively into civic affairs; he spoke at service clubs and on every possible occasion to keep himself in touch with current thought.

The outside activities of Willkie attracted the attention of attorneys who knew the value of having a trial lawyer who could win cases in court. In less than a year, Willkie received an offer from a law firm handling extensive corporation business. He had impressed the senior partners of several prominent law firms at the meetings of the County Bar Association, where he would speak and where fellow attorneys recognized the common horse sense method, coupled with a good knowledge of law as relating to human equations.

Willkie didn't jump at the first offer but talked it all over with his wife Edith. The point at issue was that he was not offered much of a salary.

Said Edith (according to reports):

"I don't care how much money they will pay if it means advancement. Get your name on the letterhead and the money will take care of itself."

The meteoric career of Wendell Willkie again proves the necessity and value of tenacious memory and personal acquaintance. He followed the advice of President McKinley, who told me once that a young man's course should be concentrated on making friends, keeping friends and never forgetting a favor—knowing only how to forget nonessentials.

When the ugly head of the Ku Klux Klan began to rear itself in politics no one in Akron seemed to have the courage to arise and fight the peril. Willkie unleashed a terrific public blast against the hooded clan and in 1924 he found himself a delegate to the National Convention in New York. Seated on the floor among the delegates, Willkie was aching for a chance to pit his wits against those of William Jennings Bryan. He voted stubbornly ballot after ballot for Alfred E. Smith and was unshaken by the onslaughts of the McAdoo forces. He heard the echoes . . . "28 votes for Underwood," and met face to face the valiant Al Smith in his brown derby.

In the 1928 campaign, although furiously busy with his law practice, Willkie went back to Indiana, stumping the State and making a great campaign against heavy odds.

All this will show that Wendell Willkie is hardly a novice in politics. He had his training in the Democratic

party which he opposes today because he feels that this party departed from its ideal of national unity and true Americanism as expounded by Jefferson.

Willkie enters the Presidential campaign with the zest and zeal of a convert, and it will be surprising if he does not rally to his standard not only a large part of the independent and first voters, thrilled with the enthusiasm of having a change and something new in politics, but all the Democrats who are not in harmony with the policies of the New Deal. These voters will welcome the Ideal instead of the New Deal in the unity of American government.

While Willkie has never run for public office it is evident that he knows all the tricks used by politicians. Some of the delegates at Philadelphia were at times dreaming of a "smoke-filled" room where a candidate might be chosen, but here was a candidate making his own smoke-filled room at the Hotel Benjamin Franklin, with a branch office at the Warwick Hotel, where he could consult with the wife who has been such a bulwark of strength and help to him.

Remember that Willkie was born in Indiana, where children begin to take their politics with their mother's milk. From the day Indiana entered the Union it has been a battleground in Presidential elections. This State was always ready with national tickets because it is a "pivotal" State holding a balance of power in the electoral college, furnishing a generous supply of Vice-Presidential material for both political parties with a view to carrying the State.

In every school, college, and university in Indiana politics is the dominant sport on the campus, and the fervor of political discussion often surpasses the exciting arguments on sports' supremacy.

Now we can understand why young Willkie, waiting for clients, built up hypothetical cases and imaginary clients and argued the cases pro and con in his mind.

Always ready to see the other fellow's side of things, Willkie was playing something more than a game in his make-believe court trials. He figured out that Unity means seeing both sides and considering all phases of any question that appears in the magic circle representing 360 degrees.

In 1940, Wendell takes charge of the most momentous case of his career. He has been retained by the G. O. P. to win the case of the American people titled: "Ideal versus New Deal in Government."

Evidence accumulates that he has his case well prepared and well in hand for the great jury trial—the election on the calendar for November, 1940.

VII

TURNING DEFICITS INTO PROFITS

AFTER being catapulted into the executive chair of the Commonwealth and Southern system, Wendell Willkie viewed reports showing a drop in earnings, decreased consumption of power, and a strong "up" in production costs.

The legal snarl of subsidiary companies must have been a constant chorus of "trouble, trouble everywhere." But the young president didn't sit with his feet on the desk to cogitate, nor did he warm his chair for long. He started out on a campaign and spent night after night in a sleeping car as he traveled about visiting and inspecting the huge fourteen-State power system.

A definite plan which Willkie had charted he repeated time and again into discouraged ears:

"Sell the people electrical appliances. Never mind the industrial consumption. That will take care of itself if we can get the people to buy electrical appliances to use the power we have to sell."

He outlined a technique that reflected his experiences as a book agent. He organized a trim and attractive corps

of salesmen and women. They soon became real Willkie clubs, for their president followed the results day by day, keeping in close personal touch with the salesman on the firing line.

Willkie also made frequent reports to the stockholders, so that the widow owning five shares knew just as much about the doings of the company and what was going on as did the directors or others who held 50,000 shares. He not only told them in his lucid and direct way what was going on, but just how their money was being spent. He was always sounding a note of cheer and hope.

His report in May, 1934, was a declaration of success. Sales for the entire system had been pushed up to nearly a quarter of a billion more kilowatt hours over the record of 1932.

The enthusiastic friend and supporter of young Willkie, B. C. Cobb, sat by as chairman of the board and watched the procession move forward.

The amazed Commonwealth and Southern directors had witnessed what they thought was a miracle when they saw dividends that had dropped from 47 cents to one cent a share come back despite a $500,000 deficit in 1934.

While Willkie had acquired a crick in his back from sleeping in Pullmans traveling over the country, he was straightening out many corporation kinks every day. In one of his letters to the stockholders he related merrily that $9,000,000 of electrical appliances had been sold in 11 months, speeding up the consumption of electricity

nearly 17 per cent, with savings to the consumers of more than $5,000,000.

The old nickname of "Win" in high-school days had by now evolved into an affectionate "Wendy," which the employees at the Pine Street office call him among themselves. (Willkie smokes cigarettes furiously. Butts are strewn in every direction. The office boys keep close watch on the wastebaskets. One was set afire many times on the Willkie trail from office to office.)

Reverting to the C. & S., it was now evident that Wendell Willkie knew how to run a big business and make it pay. He proved that deficits can be worked into profits when the budget is balanced and the income is increased bit by bit, by saving and efficient management, to cover the outgo.

He had proved his basic proposition that the value of power is only as good as its market. In his travels he had come into contact not only with industrial leaders, but he had spent many hours walking out through the plants, talking to the men at work. Through this he convinced every member of the organization that they had a real president and one who knew the book of achievement from A to Z through human contact, also one with the boundless energy that was always pushing something ahead without waiting to be pushed from behind.

Perhaps Willkie never gave a thought to the fact that his vigorous fight to save capital investment was a training for the Presidency of the United States in 1940 as a means to restoring pay rolls. His genius for organization

through his direct personal methods was later demonstrated emphatically in the solidarity with which Willkie for President clubs were organized everywhere, regardless of political affiliations.

Every individual who had had any contact with Willkie became a Willkie booster and donned the Willkie button and signed the roll. No urging was needed.

These supporters felt that they knew the man. The human equation still counts for as much in administering the affairs of a nation as in a business organization or in operating a successful industry or farm, for, as in utilities, the value of a farm lies basically in its market.

Less than six months after Willkie was clothed with executive powers, he broke with the New Dealers at Washington, insisting that they had violated the solemn pledges given at the 1932 convention. It was evident that there would be some fireworks at the capital, and the first outbreak was at the hearing considering the advisability of a TVA to develop the Tennessee Valley as a government proposition. This was the signal for a fight, as the project threatened the extinction of one of the subsidiaries of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation.

Willkie's statements and testimony were effective. He barged into the commission with grim look and tousled hair and charged boldly into the House committee on military affairs. At this time he made a declaration that foreshadows his fundamental principles in the Presidential campaign.

"The danger is," he stormed, "that which you gentle-

men know—that in creating this authority, this bureau, the men appointed to it will utilize to the limit all authority granted to them. It may be said that this scheme only goes so far and will inevitably put the government into competition with private enterprise."

The battle continued vigorously and Willkie, an ardent supporter of the NRA, withdrew when he realized how the innovations were being prosecuted for political purposes. The power companies felt that Wendell Willkie was not only their prophet and leader but that he represented the great battalions of business interests that produce pay rolls. Willkie had forecast what the entry of the TVA into private competition would mean, and he just took over the leadership of business and industrial citadels.

Pitted against him was another Indiana man—David A. Lilienthal. The purse was $100,000,000. When the government found its case on shaky ground, they offered to buy him out, but Willkie refused the price offered, persisted, and kept at the fight until he secured an equitable settlement for his stockholders, keeping always in mind the thousands of people who had invested their savings in good faith in the stock of his corporation.

Some of these details were known to the voters of the country and were talked about, and read about, in the blaze of publicity that followed the hearings at Washington.

All this proved a vital factor in the swift-moving campaign that followed the announcement that Willkie was a

favorite among the dark horses for the G. O. P. Presidential nomination at the Philadelphia convention.

There was a period of dark anticipation when Willkie lost his case in the Supreme Court, and then came the smash of the Securities and Exchange Commission to wipe out holding companies, which were under the ban of the Roosevelt administration.

Then, rolling up his sleeves, Willkie went into the fight to the finish.

"I'm going to fight," he told his associates. "They're not going to ruin the Tennessee property by underselling us in our own field and then buying in our transmission lines and plants after they've ruined them. I'll fight to the finish."

After the Supreme Court decision, Willkie decided that the only remedy for his company's plight was to sell out to his powerful governmental competitor. The Tennessee power was appraised as worth $86,000,000. The government offered $55,000,000.

Like a real "hoss trader," Willkie lopped off $5,000,000 on his price while the government raised its ante to $78,600,000—$23,600,000 above its original offer.

When the price had been determined, Lilienthal met Willkie at Number Two Wall Street and handed him the government's check for $46,000,000 as part payment.

Now Willkie believes in advertising. After describing the scene in which he got a toe hold on the check for $46,000,000—a large amount for two Indiana farmers to

handle in a trade—Willkie decided to announce the deal in an advertisement.

He told in detail his side of the whole story and signed it. It was regarded as a victory and proof that the government had paid through the nose for trying to start in the power business.

Willkie had devised the objective rate plan, enabling small consumers of electricity to secure a rate fixed on the ratio of consumption. Whenever a customer used more power than the "immediate rate," the objective rate prevailed, lowering the cost. Willkie had given the small consumers the same advantages accorded to the large ones.

In 1937, his company sold $17,000,000 worth of gas and electric refrigerators and household appliances. Here was where Willkie gave to big business a national viewpoint. He saw clearly that the days of smug monopolistic attitudes on the part of utilities corporations had gone forever and that utilities must give service commensurate with their rates.

An incident that later crystallized into votes for Willkie in New England was when he jumped for the telephone after hearing of the hurricane in New England and sent all his company's workers to Massachusetts to help in restoring power lines. He sent workers by truck, by train, and by plane to Connecticut and Rhode Island, and did not stint.

He gave New England much needed help in her hour of calamity.

Here is the modest statement that tells the story:

"I saw in the hurricane," said Willkie, "an opportunity to demonstrate that private industry could promptly and effectively protect and maintain essential services in an unforeseen catastrophe without government assistance.

"I think the record of those crews shipped to New England speaks for itself."

The day by day activities of Wendell Willkie for 20 years is a living, breathing, virile biography of an American who has done much for his day and generation by just keeping on the move.

In Kenneth Roberts' "Northwest Passage" is a scene I can never forget. It suggests Wendell Willkie's tempo—"keep moving," but in the right direction.

While the Rangers were on the move Langdon, young artist, fell wounded. His Colonel showed the fallen man pictures of his sweetheart which Langdon Towne carried in his pocket, saying:

"You'll remain here and be scalped and lose all this if you don't keep moving."

With a superhuman effort Langdon arose and, with the help of a comrade, struggled on at a snail's pace until he reached the post where food and victory and protection awaited him and his Ranger companions.

That is Willkie. On the move, on the go—to the objective he has in mind and always manages to reach.

VIII

"IDEALS, NOT NEW DEALS"

DEALING with the New Deal, Willkie did not pull his punches.

Clean fighter that he is, he avoided personal references; but his criticism of New Deal policies and spending was almost vitriolic in its burning analysis.

One outburst shook the very foundation of New Dealism at Washington.

Said Willkie, in forceful and telling words:

"Since the New Deal came into power, it has spent more than $60,000,000,000 (sixty billion dollars). That is approximately enough to buy every manufacturing plant and every mine and every industry in the United States.

"In the hands of industry that amount of money would provide jobs for more than the nine and one-half million unemployed people. In the hands of government it has created a colossal debt and deficit and has taken the place of productive private enterprise.

"On the average, it takes about $7,000 in capital investment to provide a job for every man employed in manufacturing. It is a curious fact that in the last World War

it took almost exactly the same amount of money to kill a man—as much, in short, to provide for death as to provide for life. Fortunately, we are able to use our money for the constructive purposes of peace. In the 1920's, industry obtained for its expansion and for new business an average of about three and one-half billion dollars a year. At the rate of $7,000 per man, this would have been sufficient to provide 500,000 new jobs annually. Today industry obtains one-tenth of that amount a year, and in the course of the past decade there has been an actual decrease in capital invested in industry.

"In other words, the steady flow of capital—which is the lifeblood of business enterprise—has been checked by the government's financial policies, and men who otherwise would have been employed have been turned away from the factory gates."

There was something so refreshing in the definite statements made by Candidate Willkie that the newspapers throughout the country formulated the following platform, in a general way:

1. Willkie's purpose of government is to make men free. Their freedom must be economic as well as political. Unemployed men are not free men.

2. Freedom is achieved only by limiting the power of everyone, whether in business or government. Big government is just as bad as big business.

3. Freedom also is achieved by establishing certain economic guarantees. We must provide for the destitute and

the unemployed; for reasonable old-age benefits; for public works; for public health; for the right of labor to bargain collectively; for the regulation of public utilities and of big business. Many of these things the New Deal has done.

4. But farming, business, and industry have made this country great . . . not government. Therefore, while establishing minimum economic guarantees and while regulating big business, we must help and stimulate private enterprise. This the New Deal has NOT done.

5. To stimulate private enterprise our government must have a business attitude toward our economic problems. It must be the steward of our prosperity. It must see to it that the economy operates for the profit of us, the people. This calls for the following major steps:

(a) A new tax policy designed not to soak the rich but to raise the most possible money with the least possible harm to private enterprise.

(b) A new spending policy. When the government spends our money it should open up new economic opportunity for our private enterprises. Increasing our debts without increasing our opportunities will end us in bankruptcy. This is a simple business principle.

(c) A new kind of budget which will reveal how the government is spending our money. The present budget does not tell us, therefore we cannot really control our expenditures nor the power of the spenders.

(d) A new international outlook which will recognize

that long-term prosperity cannot be attained without foreign trade.

6. We must work toward a post-war reconstruction that will include reciprocal trade agreements and international monetary standards that can be relied upon. Meanwhile, we stay out of war.

7. What we need is a new outlook, a new way of getting at things. We must redesign a government system which, in view of our progress in other fields, has become obsolete. We do not want a New Deal any more.

WE WANT A NEW WORLD.

In the grim struggle between the democratic form of government and totalitarian control Candidate Willkie reiterated that "Democracy can survive. Democracy WILL survive—but it must clearly demonstrate its competency to survive in this supreme crisis."

At a breakfast in the Union Station in Kansas City Willkie expounded his views on the economic effect at this time, on this country, following the war. Again he insisted that a stirring crusade was needed, a unity of people, a unity of action that would put our forces functioning again to make a solid and secure union for democracy.

Willkie asserted that this nation must "quit our soft ways and get down to business." Inefficiency and boondoggling have placed Great Britain and France in their present plight, he said, and this nation also will be unable to compete if it remains "discordant and disgruntled."

"The totalitarian states will do their selling for political purposes, not for trade," he asserted. "The law of supply and demand won't operate. Hitler can say that wheat will be worth 20 cents a bushel and that'll be the world price. Tremendous pressure can be brought on this country, or on sections of it, to gain his ends. Friendly regions can be favored and others punished. Gold will be about as useful as iron.

"America is pretty lonely in the world as the last remaining stronghold of democracy. It has shown its capacity to organize and produce in industry.

"That same talent should be turned to preserving the democratic system of government."

"I've attended 50 conferences in Washington, a dozen with the President," said Willkie. "Our leaders have lost their confidence. They ask themselves:

" 'What's the trick? Where's the bug under the chip?' "

One thing is dominant in the Willkie character—he is straight from the shoulder in speech and action and thought. Who can deny the political potency of his winning personality? And yet, so far as his friends are concerned, he is not especially politically minded; he does not curry favor.

He refuses steadfastly to make any of the ritualistic political moves. He is not particularly cautious in his talks and will not move a fraction of an inch from the thing for which he stands.

"I believe in certain principles," he declares. "I believe that these principles must be accepted in Washington if

life is going to yield for me, and for others, rewards comparable to those it has yielded in the past. If I were given the choice of remaining a common citizen privileged to fight for those principles, or of becoming President of the United States on a political platform from which they had been excluded, I would choose to remain a common citizen.

"I will not accept any position that will deprive me of the privilege of standing for that in which I believe."

A real man, this Willkie. How real is revealed in a story told by Fred Rahter, Willkie's secretary when he was a public utilities executive. Rahter's first trip with the Willkie man was to White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. In his excitement, the young man lost all Willkie's luggage; he couldn't find it anywhere.

Hat in hand, he approached his chief in fear and trembling.

"Mr. Willkie," he said. "I have two things to say to you. First, I hereby hand in my resignation. Second, I've lost all your luggage."

Willkie grinned.

"Hell, man," he said, slapping Rahter on the back. "Didn't you ever sleep in your underwear?"

No further mention has been made to this day of that luggage. It has never been found.

That was Willkie, the man's man—sympathetic, broad-minded, understanding, a man of "us, the people."

An esteemed poetical friend, Maude Westley Forrest, has touched upon the reality in Willkie's character

and make-up in her poem, "Ideals, Not New Deals," which she has dedicated to the Presidential candidate and which I feel belongs right here.

You represent reality, not dreams.
Your words, like swift flowing streams
Swell the tides of a Nation's faith.
So be it—with your gallant crusade
To join in American Unity,
The righteous cause of humanity.
Abraham Lincoln's inspiration,
Vibrant with determination
Opened wide Freedom's holy gate,
Saved our Union, strong and great.
His spirit lives in our ideal—
Willkie! Willkie! Vital! Real!

IX

MEETING WILLKIE IN PRINT

SMILING at me from the pages, I first glimpsed the features of Wendell L. Willkie in an issue of *Fortune Magazine*. The year was 1937—again the magic 7. From the first pages of the text (illustrated by a lineman repairing tangled and broken wires on a pole) I continued to the final words in the article and read:

"I do not like to use the words 'service to our customers' or 'public service,'" said Willkie once. Willkie does not think the profit system needs any such euphemisms, since its own best interests are served by low rates and large usage of power. Nor is he ashamed that he feels that his first duty is to his stockholders, that being his job in a profit economy. Whether such stout dogma can steer a sullen and suspicious old-guard industry through the current reform blow remains to be seen. If it can't, Wendell Willkie can doubtless get another case. Part of his charm and strength is a certain ultimate tolerance, a take it or leave it air. There are always those Indiana farms."

I was fascinated. The photograph of Willkie was in color. Despite the unpopular title of the article, "Com-

monwealth and Southern," I followed on. The story described how Willkie and his companies were fighting a "death sentence" by selling more and cheaper power than ever before.

And how? That's the nub of the story. Strange to say, I read the article twice. Then I arose with the conviction that Willkie, "that man," was Presidential timber and there lingered the feeling that I would like to vote for "the gentleman from Indiana" in November. The complexities of the power problem were explained clearly and illustrated vividly in maps showing the service areas of the fourteen biggest sellers of electricity in the United States.

The *Fortune* article was an understandable description of how a gigantic corporation has much the same troubles as the individual and small businessman. There must be an income to cover outgo; there must be sales as well as production.

The slogan of the company was graphically illustrated with a picture of a Zeppelin captioned, "We're going places . . . up and at 'em! The sky's still all yours; there's no limit for Tepco!"

The article was illustrated not only with a picture of Wendell Willkie, called the "utility devil's advocate," but with portraits of Sales Manager Ashmead, Troubleman James McGee, Lineman Verlin Goins, Meterman Lindsay Bennett, Home Economist Brown, and the elevator boy O'Hara, who sells "a gang of stuff." The pictured personnel included also a group of young women belonging to the "home lighting girl brigade," a brigade dedicated

to the purpose of spreading the gospel of "better light, better sight," in the homes.

An amazing revelation was disclosed as to the varied uses of the products of the Commonwealth and Southern developed under the genius of Wendell Willkie. It ran the gamut from a water heater in the milkhouse to a chicken-house window electrified so that the moment it is opened it rings a burglar alarm beside the farmer's bed. Even a light bulb used for feeding frogs is included. Insects contacting the hot bulb drop into the mouths of the voracious and croaking amphibians.

Altogether, this article properly introduced Wendell L. Willkie.

In describing the personality of the new candidate for the Presidency, without suggesting that he should throw his hat in the political arena as did Teddy Roosevelt, the article foreshadowed his qualifications in a modest paragraph buried beneath a mass of astounding figures and prosaic business vernacular, as follows:

"Mr. Willkie's peculiar appropriateness for his role owes a good deal more to the accidents of background, training, and talent that make up his unusually refreshing personality. For one thing, he has as quick-witted and resourceful a legal mind—as cagey, in short—as his principal antagonist, David Lilienthal himself. For another, he is too new to the utility business and runs too clean and up-to-date a company of his own to be inhibited by the errors of the Insull era which so many utility men feel obliged to extenuate or explain.

"Finally, he is so manifestly candid, sharp, and unaffected that many Congressmen have probably been reminded unconsciously of the traditional American type they like to think they are representing—the Mississippi Yankee, the clever bumpkin, the homespun, rail-splitting, soil-eared, cracker-barrel simplifier of national issues in the style of Abe Martin and Will Rogers.

" 'My main satisfaction has been a consciousness of service rendered to the State,' sets forth yacht-owning Thomas McCarter of New Jersey.

" 'I am in business personally to make a living,' says Wendell Willkie, who has never even owned an automobile.

"It may be that the superficial difference measures a real one; it may not. There is, at any rate, nothing bogus or in the least staged about Willkie's picturesque Americanism."

Between the lines of this memorable article I glimpsed the story of a typical American family in an Indiana that had had its youthful boom and now had the reaction. The exciting news concerned "what the people who have left town are doing since they left Elwood."

In a big frame house near the high school, with a huge kitchen, stained-glass windows and a six-foot fireplace, a huge library and the attendant atmosphere, six rugged children were reared. The father, an old Jeffersonian Democrat and a lynx in court practice, knew how to administer the law in that household. He had for a time been superintendent of schools and often awakened the

children in the morning by pouring passages from the poets into their ears.

Naturally this is of personal interest to me, for they must have had a copy of my "Heart Throbs" in that home.

The supper table was the grand rallying place of this fast and furious family of six children. The neighbors knew they were about. A trio of Willkie boys went to Bloomington with their sister and enrolled for a "higher education." They had to live within the budget.

"Win" worked one summer as a barber for a tent hotel during the land rush in South Dakota, so the delegates from that State had a claim on Willkie at the Convention.

He began college life without wearing a fraternity pin, but he wound up with the pompadoured plutocrats of the Beta Theta Pi, evolving from the rough-necked "frosh" who wore a turtle-necked red sweater and chewed tobacco. He managed a campaign for his friend to become class president.

At the law school, Willkie won high honors and was able to exercise his genius in hypothetical cross-examinations and rehearse his pleas to the jury before the bossies in the barn as they placidly chewed their cuds. Early he found out that "lawsuits answer questions but do not always solve problems."

While in Akron, Ohio, enjoying a nice income from his corporation clients, he was known as the local "Bill Borah," for he always seemed to be on the other side. He debated repeatedly on issues involving the Ku Klux Klan and fought to a finish. Although he had a salary that

would well justify the expenditure, he never bought a car, never played golf and was seldom seen at the country club. It was in those eventful years that B. C. Cobb, later president of the Commonwealth and Southern, wrote to one of his officers in Akron an uncanny prediction concerning Willkie, thus:

"Do not let this young man get away from us. He is a comer and we should keep an eye on him." And now the eyes of the world are on that young man!

In his speeches Willkie often quoted what he considered a classic statement by Thomas A. Edison, made long years ago, that seems to apply to these times. It follows:

"There is far more danger in public monopoly than there is in private monopoly, for when the government goes into business it can always shift its losses to the taxpayers. If it goes into the power business it can pretend to sell cheap power and then cover up its losses. The government never really goes into business, for it never makes ends meet and that is the first requisite of business. It just mixes a little business with a lot of politics, and no one ever gets a chance to find out what is actually going on."

These were the conclusions of the master mind who gave to the world incandescent light.

In all the distractions of legal affairs and business responsibilities, Wendell Willkie never lost his love of good literature that was instilled into the children in Indiana. He early realized that life is made up of stray

moments, and that success often depends on these moments of leisure and how they are utilized. At one time Willkie good-humoredly called Roosevelt a poet because he used ambiguous poetical phrases in discussing direct practical propositions. Within a few days after the nomination at Philadelphia, the poets began to send in their tributes, written in all manner of verse and form.

Nearly every one of them that I received compared Willkie with Lincoln. Perhaps this was suggested by the impressive coincidence that the names Abraham Lincoln and Wendell Willkie each contain seven letters—again the magic seven.

Willkie was suggested for President when he was 47 and was nominated on the 27th day of June, just as they were about to take the seventh ballot, so this will give the numerologists something to figure out; and the Bible tells the story of the Creation—six days of labor, and rest on the seventh day.

Let us journey with Willkie to Colorado on his post-convention rest. When he arrived in the Centennial State his plan was to make no speeches but on his visit to Denver the people insisted that it would not be Wendell Willkie without a talk.

Early in July, as their nominee, he called upon the Republican party to join them ". . . not in a political campaign but in a great crusade." With the earnestness of one about to take the oath of office, Willkie pledged himself anew to three paramount points in his platform, in his first post-nomination utterance in the West:

"I dedicate myself to three things. One, a united people without class consciousness, distinction or class hatred; two, the rehabilitation of our national economic life; three, the building of an adequate defense program.

"If you help me, we cannot fail. We must not fail. I call on you to join me.

"To join me not in a political campaign but in a great crusade to restore America to its true tradition, so that it may stand before the world restored as a great, united, and strong country.

"It is with a very deep sense of humility—an overpowering sense of humility—that I accept the leadership of a cause to bring unity to America, to rehabilitate our economic life and bring about such a strong national defense that no Hitler nor any other totalitarian dictator can ever strike at this great, free democratic life that we have here in America.

"I am under pledge to myself not to talk on policies and issues until my formal acceptance, but I could not let this opportunity go by without talking about something which is so vital for the preservation of the United States. I want to represent you and your cause in the development of our democratic processes."

Early in August the memorable acceptance speech was delivered from the steps of the Elwood High School, from which Wendell Willkie was graduated—the speech sounding the G. O. P. keynote for the unprecedented campaign of 1940.

X

READY WITH THE ANSWERS

IN the list of many thousands of world celebrities in the spotlight whom I have interviewed as a newspaperman, Wendell Willkie ranks high among those who can be depended upon to furnish "good copy."

There was a candor and directness in his replies as he submitted graciously to the rigid cross-examination. He carried the sequence with a tenacious memory and seemed always to be enthusiastic and sincere. One is impressed by his apparent love for his fellow man much in the way that Abou-ben-Adhem won his honors and found his name "writ above all the rest."

Far be it from me, as I understand the wishes of Willkie, to place a halo around his head, for he is one man in public life that does not seem to need it. Unconsciously we all seek to find the living ideals of characters we have read about, from romantic Romeo to Jack the Giant-Killer. When Wendell Willkie speaks out for the people, he finds himself of the people and standing four-square by the people.

He is not a shrinking John Alden, for he "speaks for himself" in wooing public opinion in a way that might

have soothed the intrepid but disappointed Capt. Myles Standish in his quest for a second wife in the demure and bewitching Priscilla.

Although he wishes to help people to think and think for themselves, he accomplishes this more by suggestion and advice than command. It reminds me that one of the bequests left by the late Edward Filene, Boston merchant prince and philanthropist, was to provide for an organization that would help people to think for themselves.

But such a movement must have a leader to stir the emotions, for the propulsive power of heart interest is the only thing that endures, and there is no doubt even in the minds of his opponents and enemies that Wendell Willkie has touched the heart of the country. That goes a long way in gaining votes and the people's confidence.

In San Francisco as early as March Willkie gave his concrete idea of a liberal.

"A liberal," he said, "is a man who believes first in liberty.

"But he cannot just believe in liberty for himself; he must believe in liberty for everyone else. And it is at this point, and only at this point, that the political discussion of liberalism enters into the economic sphere. I know of no greater error than that which assumes that the liberal can be defined in economic terms—as to whether he is rich or poor or as to whether he is in the utility line, insurance business, meat business, or the business of cultivating the land.

"Liberty must be in the possession of every single individual in the land.

"Economic questions arise in the definition of a liberal which no good liberal can escape or would want to escape."

It became increasingly evident as the people read and heard Willkie expounding and discussing public questions that the young man who taught history in the Kansas schools knew both his ancient and modern history, and modern economics, too. Since his pedagogical days he has lived and been a part of the volatile activities of the present time which are weaving themselves into the pattern and history of the future. Willkie grapples with the problems, showing a knowledge of both sides of the picture, and he construes the day after tomorrow's happenings in the logic of present events.

Like Kipling in his poem, he recognizes "the God of things as they are" as well as what they ought to be. Note this fearless indictment of business, but also note that the lash has passed from the hands of business to the government in imposing unnecessary burdens upon the taxpayers:

"Recall to your mind, for a moment, the abuses charged against corporations in the 20's. The first was the concentration of excessive power in the hands of a few men; second, the use of this power and the money that went with it to influence political decisions; third, the manipulation of financial markets to the detriment of the inves-

tor; and, fourth, the ruthless determination to destroy opposition and create a monopoly.

"Every one of these abuses exist today, but it is the government that has taken on the rotten methods of big business through bureaucracy."

It is fascinating to read the thousands of newspaper and magazine clippings noting the organization of Willkie clubs all over the country. It would seem that youth as well as age is determined to have its fling. When Willkie made his first appearance in bleeding Kansas there were goose pimples on the shivering flesh of the G. O. P., but when Wendell Willkie appeared the crowds cheered him as "Winning Wilkie."

Commented a newspaper columnist on the Kansas City *Journal* under the title of "Under the Willows"—and not the weeping variety—(It was a new experience to warm the hide of the Kansas elephant. Willkie was forced to mount a baggage truck at the railroad station but his talk was interrupted frequently by cheers and hand-clapping): "Ye gods, and in Topeka! When a man can do this in this tight-lipped town he has got something!"

Well, Willkie got the eighteen votes of Kansas that started him on his way to victory on the sixth ballot. Perhaps Alf Landon, erstwhile G. O. P. Presidential candidate of four years ago, entertained an idea as well as a guest at that eventful dinner at his home.

One of the guests at this dinner remarked facetiously to Mrs. Landon:

"Punch my meal ticket again, and may I express one hope for your sake?"

"What is that?" asked the gracious Thelma Landon.

"That you will not have to carry any more oats for political dark horses," said the guest.

While in the Sunflower State, Willkie could not resist talking about his teaching days in Kansas. This was reported in a paragraph that won the hearts of Kansans, to whom educational ideals are a fetish.

"Funny how I got into the school teaching business," he commented. "My history professor knew the superintendent of schools out in Coffeyville. (This was a professor at the University of Indiana.)

"Commencement week he asked me how I would like to go out to Kansas and teach history, oratory, debate, and also coach basketball. I jumped at it, of course.

"For three semesters I was down there—and fell in love with the town, the State and the people."

There was a spontaneous response to the article Willkie wrote, titled "We, the People," in one of the highest priced magazines in the country. The very title impelled people to say to one another, "Read it."

There's usually a natural response to anything that refers to the Flag or the Constitution. The preamble of the Constitution, "We, the people," was a slogan of the colonies in forming a nation of united States with unity of purpose that has persisted on through more than a century and a half of its existence and glorious achievements under the salutation—"We, the People."

The genius of modern exploitation is demonstrated in the manner and method of the organization of "Willkie for President" clubs. Petitions broadcast contained blanks for fifteen signatures. The purpose to dramatize the demand for a candidate for President would be heeded by the politicians.

One of the legends on the petitions in Oscaloosa, Iowa, read:

"The purpose of this declaration is to dramatize the extent and strength of the people's demand for Willkie."

You ask, why Oscaloosa? Well, *Fortune Magazine* published an article about Oscaloosa as a typical midwestern town of 10,000 and it is quite natural that Russell Davenport, formerly managing editor of *Fortune* and one of Willkie's managers and advisers, had friends in Oscaloosa who he thought would prove typical Willkie supporters.

"As goes Oscaloosa, so goes the middle West," said Davenport to himself sitting among a shower of clippings flooding in on his desk—an indication that something had started somewhere. From the evidence it looked as if it had come from everywhere.

Every report brought news of another Willkie gain.

Another unusual feature of the 1940 campaign was the publication of Willkie's speeches in serial form in the newspapers.

Even the Democratic newspapers carried a biography of the Republican candidate—because it was real news.

The speeches were naturally the most effective big guns in the campaign, because Willkie's speeches came hot

from the heart and mind of the candidate with no loss in transmission.

The political orators will have to become more or less a part of the echoes of the main lines spoken in the play. And at this writing there is an early rush of volunteer speakers and speeches indicating that all the political stumps will be filled with men and women telling the story of how Willkie will do it!

There is one figure watching the Willkie campaign closely, and that is Philip Willkie, Wendell Willkie's only son. Philip is one of the modest members of the modest family who was brought into the limelight in the year he was to have been graduated from Princeton University. Philip was 21 during the campaign.

Political rumors started thick and fast when it was discovered that Philip had flunked in history, the history his father had taught in Kansas.

The subject of his senior thesis was the history of the Commonwealth and Southern, of which his father was president.

University officials were loath to comment on Philip's failure to be graduated, but the records show that it is not uncommon for many of the Princeton seniors to find themselves in this boat at commencement time.

One much more important distinction Philip won, according to his dad's idea, was the poll of the Princeton seniors declaring Philip Willkie as the one "most likely to succeed" in the entire class.

As business manager of *The Daily Princetonian,* under-

graduate publication, Philip gained a record that counted more with his father than did his academic standing.

Although a member of the Young Republicans Club, Philip did not join the undergraduate group which supported his father as a candidate for the Presidency because he felt that his support could be implied without being recorded.

While the father was busy with his campaign work, young Philip was the constant companion of his mother.

No matter if he goes on and wins his sheepskin at Old Nassau, Philip seems likely to fulfill the prediction of distinction given to him by his classmates long before the name of Willkie was in the spotlight and the American nation was hailing a new deliverer.

XI

THE SWAY OF COMMON SENSE

NEARLY all the speeches delivered by Wendell Willkie in the 1940 days have impressed me with their cohesive continuity. They are like a series of articles that might well be used as a textbook for citizenship. On every occasion—and especially in his appeal for the American Red Cross funds—he continued to emphasize the fact that giving was an opportunity as well as an obligation, and the one thing that the American Red Cross represents is the unity of a heart impulse. It provided an avenue of public expression on the subject of national defense and that big broad humane basic impulse to express human sympathy and the ideals dreamed of, for a world peace.

Willkie told us that his speech at the Republican Club in Minnesota when he met Governor Stassen, 37 years of age, who had already turned the tide of the mid-West, was merely the climax or outlet for a focused declaration that made him a leader. It was the seed sown that resulted in the outcropping of so many delegates for Willkie in the mid-West. The echoes of his address at Kansas City on May 24, 1940, swept Kansas like a tidal wave. It was

given with the stirring remembrance of his days in the Sunflower State when he taught school. His talks seemed to present the issues in all their grim reality, but usually concluded with a note of optimism and hope that rang the bell and sent people away with a feeling that they had heard the voice of a leader who understood the people.

Again and again Willkie reiterated the ideal of Lincoln in preserving the Union, superseding even the vexatious economic problems involved in the abolition of slavery. This speech was the forerunner of that solid vote of Kansas that brought the wild cheers and high hopes of the Willkie followers on the floor and in the galleries to a fevered heat.

If they could have heard the words that follow—spoken by Wendell Willkie as he sat in his "smoke-filled" room, there would have been no need of six ballots to decide the leader for the nominee for 1940.

Said Willkie:

Now, critical as the present hour may be, it is still not too late to make this nation strong in the face of the grave danger from without and within.

This is a country of vast national resources. This is a people of extraordinary natural ability. If we can restore the freedom of our enterprises, we should be able to provide for our needs, whether in peace or in war.

But we cannot do that under a New Deal government, whether it is 100 per cent pure or diluted by coalition.

The American people can have no faith in a government which has no faith in the people.

The New Deal has consistently sowed the seeds of dissension in our nation by setting class against class, the people against business, labor against management. We Americans must forget these false divisions.

More than ever, in this emergency, we must be a united people, determined to uphold our democracy and our system of free private enterprise. And we must take as our battle-cry the principle upon which great Democrats and great Republicans alike have agreed—a principle proclaimed by Washington, Jackson, Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt.

The Federal Union—it must be preserved!

While enjoying a breathing spell on one of the beaches near Boston I thought of the Willkie slogan of unity.

Here were thousands of fathers and mothers and their families, to say nothing of the young swains romancing, relaxing with the ocean waves. It was a symbol of democracy. In bathing suits there was little distinction between individuals in this great mass of humanity. Many races were represented; many people were there who had sought refuge under our flag of stars. They were enjoying a freedom and earning a livelihood—those who had employment—at wages surpassing those of any nation of the world.

These people were all breathing the same free air, enjoying the same invigorating ocean dip under the same smil-

ing sun provided by a loving Creator. They were laughing and merry from the tiny tot to the tottering person of 90. The skies overhead were blue, kindly, serene. The sands were as refreshing to the wiggling toes of the elders as they were to the children. The children built fanciful houses and forts and all enjoyed the moment of playtime.

Then I thought of the beaches I had visited in England and Holland, thought of how these happy rendezvous for rest and recreation are now under murderous enemy planes vomiting ghastly bombs from the heavens, bringing death to innocent women and children in the hours when happiness in God's open were sought to bring back the glow of health to pallid cheeks.

Well, it made me again think of what that all-comprehensive word unity means in the human relationship and how the Willkie candidacy, paradoxical in so many phases, has brought out a plausible and practical plan to bring our people to a fuller appreciation of what they possess. The unchangeable ideal of "the Union, one and inseparable, now and forever" still persists in a war-torn world in one country—our own country—echoing on through the years the dominant sentiment expressed by three great American leaders and orators, Daniel Webster, Henry Grady, and Wendell Willkie.

One phase of the momentous 1940 Presidential campaign which developed early was the rather unusual practice of the candidate in writing and delivering his own speeches.

Wendell Willkie is self-reliant; he does not depend on a spokesman or a brain trust, which he described as "having plenty of trust and now looking for the brains." It did not require a mass of campaign documents and Congressional speeches, deadheaded by Congressional franks, to woo votes for Willkie. While his pre-election utterances were impressive, lucid, and attuned to the thought of the hour, amazing even his closest friends with their versatility and vigor, the preparation for this work began in high-school days when he engaged in a rough and tumble debate. He was born of lawyer parents who had to debate for a living.

It was in the Hoosier home that Willkie had his training. The playtimes in the attic of the Willkie children in that Indiana home, under the wise direction of the lawyer mother, involved a knowledge of Shakespeare with its matchless vocabulary and dramatic presentation, and the Bible, the book of books.

One of the fascinating phases in the evolution of his public career was the speeches Willkie made, fast and furious, in all parts of the country prior to his nomination. In all these speeches there were few repetitions.

Tautology is a crime with Wendell Willkie, and it was refreshing to hear a flow of language so simple, comprehensive, and expressive. There was such fluency of expression that it revealed the beauty of the English language "as she is not spoken" often in these days.

In reviewing Willkie's prenomination addresses, which he captioned with the instinct of a newspaperman writing

banner headlines, I read again the April address to the newspaper publishers. This, perhaps, was when he began to "make the first page." Editors listened and were amazed at the facility with which he handles big problems in plain words. It was this address that led to the invitation to speak on May 11 at St. Paul to the Republicans. Although a public utilities president belongs to the most berated of all classifications of business under the ban of F. D. Roosevelt, Willkie faced fearlessly the farmers of the mid-West.

They had read his New York speech and had heard his debates over the radio. Never can I forget how the peroration reflected his knowledge of the Bible. Newspapermen leaned forward in their chairs and forgot the cynical attitude usually accorded to "hot air" oratory. They were even concerned about getting a copy of that address to their readers as "good stuff." It was old in theme, but it had the inspiring aspects of news as it was narrated and so graphically applied to the situation confronting our country.

For Willkie said:

"The activities of the present administration have drained the vitality and confidence from American industry. It is ironic that in view of these conditions the government should then turn upon industry and denounce it for its failure to recover and make wild charges concerning a "strike" of capital. Industry is being criticized for being unable to do what government prevents it from doing.

"This is a technique long in use. It is described in the oldest recorded campaign for freedom in history—that of the people of Israel against the tyranny of Egypt. You may remember the story. Several thousand years ago when the people of Israel were in bondage in Egypt, Pharaoh called his taskmasters together and said: 'Let us give the people no more straw for their bricks but, at the same time, tell them they must make as many bricks as before.'

"So the taskmasters took away the straw. The people were unable to make bricks. The taskmasters summoned their leaders and beat them. The leaders protested to Pharaoh, crying out: 'Wherefore dealest thou thus with thy servants? There is no straw given unto thy servants, and they say to us, Make brick: and, behold, thy servants are beaten; *but the fault is in thine own people.*'

"But Pharaoh said, 'Ye are idle, ye are idle: go therefore now, and work; for there shall no straw be given you, yet shall ye deliver the tale of bricks.'

"The story is not different today. The taskmasters in Washington have taken away that freedom of economic enterprise which is as vital to recovery as straw was to the making of bricks. And then they have turned on the leaders of these enterprises and blamed them for unemployment and depression. But in the words of the people of old we say:

"The fault is in thine own people."

XII

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

EARLY in 1940 it began to look like a Republican year. However, the election was not in the bag. A radical change in the elections of 1938 indicated that the Republicans had a fighting chance. One editor analyzed the situation insisting that Americans were heartily sick of depression, fed up with reforms, and eager to stop arguing and get back to work.

"What the Democrats lacked the G. O. P. stood ready to present as a 'new line of goods.'

"The current crisis has in no way invalidated the Republican case. The nation's supreme immediate job is an industrial one—to build arms, to build them in quantity, to build them quickly. Its supreme long-term job is to rehabilitate the entire national economy so that it can support the burden of a military might unprecedented in its history. Nothing less than its best industrial and financial talents will turn the trick.

"There is no question involved of withholding these talents from a Democratic administration. The Republican case is simply that a crew of seamen will function

better under a master mariner than under a professor of astronomy.

"There is no question involved of disrupting national unity. The present crisis is not President Roosevelt's private property. Republican leaders like Herbert Hoover and Henry L. Stimson have been as alert to its challenge as he. The U. S. political system was not suspended in the national crises of 1864 or of 1916. No democratic government ever yet functioned at its best without a vigorous opposition, checking its performance, challenging its best efforts and standing ready to replace it if it fails to meet the test of the times."

While Willkie was en route on his initial campaign he admitted that he was an amateur in politics, but he continued right on speaking with all his vigor. He was seldom pictured except when in action, and some of the photographs of him in action reveal the perspiration dropping from his tousled brow. One of these was labeled with the succinct expressiveness of a slogan: "The sweat and chips fall where they may as big Wendell Willkie hews to the line."

As Inauguration Day approaches there is a vigorous swelling in the ranks of the "original" Willkie men. Some of the claims are made, perhaps, with lively anticipation; but most of them consider their Willkie support as a personal honor rather than the claim for political emolument.

In the "sooner" ranks, newspapermen may well occupy the star role in the picture, for when Willkie's candidacy

was announced they sensed the trend of a public sentiment that put Willkie in the foreground—picturesque popular interest. Editorial opinion counted little: it was the personal contact with the man that scored.

Raymond Clapper in the New York *World Telegram* summarized the situation of the Republican Party in this stirring fashion:

"Republicans can nominate somebody who looks good in ephemeral straw votes, or some plodding politician whose profession is running for office. Or they can take a bold and audacious course, look at the job to be done, and select, regardless of tradition, the man best qualified to do it.

"Republicans can face the fact that industrial production, the rapid, highly integrated use of our factories, is the first task. They can leap over the 'keep off the grass' signs and nominate Wendell Willkie.

"That would have a tonic effect on the whole country, Mr. Willkie would make a campaign—win or lose—of which the party could be proud. He could goad the administration out of its Chamberlainism, and drive it to work. He could shake the country out of the self-indulgent policies that have enfeebled this democracy as they did England and France.

"The Willkie boom springs from an instinctive sense —the craving for a leader who will throw new strength, new audacity, new courage into the battle for democracy

which has been lost in Europe and isn't going too well here."

During the hectic days preceding the convention I received the following communication. It made me smile because I was not a delegate to the convention, but it did something more than that. It made me decide that Wendell Willkie was the favored son of the people. It began as follows:

The fact that you have been chosen as a delegate to the Republican convention is proof of your long and distinguished service to the party. You had to earn your spurs. For the first time in the party's history, a situation both anomalous and bizarre is being forced upon the attention of you and the other delegates to the National Convention. Here it is: "A lifelong Democrat is urged upon you for the highest office in the gift of our party, the proudest political organization that has ever graced this or any other people. I refer to Mr. Wendell L. Willkie, President of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, with offices in New York City. Mr. Willkie has never voted the Republican ticket in his life. It was only last fall that he registered in New York City as a Republican.

The letter continued with copious quotations from his speeches indicating that he was not thoroughly in accord with the ideals of the Grand Old Party. There was frequent reference to his connection with big business and

public utilities considered as a "red flag" to the average voter. The conclusion, you will note, is that his nomination would be an occasion for laughter. Well, the 1,000 delegates to the Republican Convention, backed by a popular approval of the people, decided to meet the storm of laughter and unanimously named Wendell Willkie as their standard bearer.

Again quoting the letter:

No one questions Mr. Willkie's fine social qualities, and certain other qualities, which give him political sex appeal. We merely question his availability as a candidate of the Republican party. What goes before, distinguishes him as a good Democrat—New Deal—candidate, but it would be for laughter if the Republican National Convention were to decide that their best representative of Republicanism is a man who only disavowed the Democratic party a few months ago.

Some of the delegates who came to laugh returned to work under the farflung banner of the G. O. P. Presidential ticket of 1940 which carried the names of "WILLKIE AND McNARY." Most of them forgot their umbrellas.

The rain falls on the just, and the unjust;
But mostly on the just,
Because the unjust
Has the just's umbrella.

—*Anon.*

XIII

RALLY OF THE COLUMNISTS

IN going over a mass of Willkie clippings, my interest was held by comments of the columnists, big and little, famous or infamous, as Walter Winchell might refer to some of his contacts.

Down in Delaware where the peaches bloom, an alert columnist called "Onlooker" declared and reiterated the conviction, "Wendell Willkie looks like the goods for the Republican nomination, and we are still of the conviction that he will win the honors. He is the type of man we need to direct our country's affairs and he will handle the job well, going down in history as the greatest President ever chosen by the people." This was written June second when the country was filled with doubting Thomases —"a good man, but—a corporation executive."

A New Hampshire columnist recorded in May that a volunteer group sponsored by women of New Hampshire was growing like wildfire. The preconvention campaign was conducted largely by amateurs in politics, but they felt the candidate had demonstrated his ability, courage, and character.

It was a thrill to hear from Willkie's lips that classic

answer given to the newspapermen, as reported by Mark Sullivan. Asked if he was going to have a brain trust, quick as a flash came the reply: "It takes two things to make a brain trust, and so far they only had the trust."

The sedate Washington *Star,* on the first of June, declared that Willkie was an attractive personality, makes a good speech, is quick on his feet, dynamic, and never held a public or political office. From this it may be judged that Willkie will be welcomed to the inner circles of the Washington socialites, as a new "feature," although he never owned an automobile, and finds his tie slipping down, his trousers sometimes baggy at the knees; but he knows how to replace a snapped suspender button with a horseshoe nail. While he once referred to a dress shirt as a "celluloid front," he knows how to wear one, and make it creak in the vigor of his talks.

On May 21, a Chicago columnist paid tribute to Russell Davenport, former editor of the *Fortune Magazine,* who launched the Willkie publicity campaign, as one who preferred fame to fortune. But it wasn't fame that Russell Davenport was figuring on in his offices on 49th Street, New York. He gathered in press clippings which reflected the "grass-root" sentiment of the country. It was then that Willkie made the remark: "If my friends don't stop this talk about my being a candidate for President, even I might take it seriously."

Well, he took it seriously. Veni, vidi, vici; and he was able to return to his boyhood home the classic words of the great Caesar.

Uncanny as to verity was a note in the Washington Merry-Go-Round, May 27:

"On the fourth ballot Willkie will lead, and after that it will be a stampede. Once the bandwagon rush starts, he will be nominated by acclamation. He is the ablest and most effective candidate in the Republican field, and a lot of the leaders are privately for him."

This, indeed, was a startlingly accurate prophecy by Drew Pearson and Bob Allen.

On June sixth a Connecticut paper declared that over a thousand Willkie clubs had sprung up like magic in all parts of the country from Alaska to Panama, from coast to coast and from Lake to Gulf. A Gallup poll indicated that Wendell Willkie was progressing at a rapid pace, forging ahead with airplane rapidity.

Willkie has always declared that the United States of America and its people was his textbook. That is why he knows the people of America better than many politicians, for he has spent one-third of his time since he left school traveling, in virtually every State, meeting with all sorts of people from truck-drivers to magnates.

Government investigators spent months trying to find something wrong with Willkie's company, or to discover a smudge on his labor record, but his honesty and efficiency and fearless arguments defeated all such attempts, and made him the "holy terror" in the committee rooms.

Martha Jackson, in the St. Louis *Star,* says she attended a Willkie meeting to see what a businessman looked like. "I read in the papers he wasn't going to kiss any babies,"

she wrote, "but nothing was said about the ladies." One woman remarked, "I wanted to see what a businessman Presidential candidate looks like." Another woman vouchsafed: "My husband dragged me out of a movie to come to a Willkie meeting. Our child—I had taken him to the show—is still in the theater; we had forgotten about him. All I can say is that Mr. Willkie is just terrific."

When the suggestion was made that the United States should not change courses in midstream during the war crisis, attention was called to the fact that the British changed courses recently, and may change courses again. In November, 1916, in the middle of the World War, at the very climax of the battles on the Western front, the people of the United States voted the Democrats out and the Republicans into control of both houses of Congress notwithstanding the appeal of Woodrow Wilson requesting a Congress, even though both parties had been contributing patriotic support to the country.

During the prenomination campaign the question came up as to whether any candidate could win who had recently changed his political colors, but it is pointed out that in Roosevelt's cabinet there are four members who were enrolled as good Republicans before they became official Democrats—Ickes, Stimson, Knox, and Wallace, the last of whom carried the Democratic Vice-Presidential banner in the recent campaign.

The distinguished columnist Dorothy Thompson was one of the first to recognize the genius of Willkie. But she evidently slipped a cog in her political calculations

when she advocated a Presidential coalition ticket of Roosevelt and Willkie.

At that time Willkie had not opened all his guns on the administration. With the intrepid spirit that won Grover Cleveland two elections as President of the United States, because the people believed in his blunt honesty, Wendell Willkie kept blazing away at the entrenched citadel at the White House that had been constantly bombarding businessmen in industry.

Willkie's course was set. He entered the utility field when utilities and holding companies were under a cloud as a result of the Insull scandals. But he began to clean house at the Commonwealth and Southern and 1,200,000 customers get their power for half what they had paid seven years ago when Willkie first occupied the swivel chair in the executive office.

While Willkie backed the New Deal at first, he battled it later when it proved inefficient and tried to sell power cheaper in Commonwealth territory.

As the prenomination campaign progressed it was evident that the cartoonists were getting in their deadly work. One of their pen-and-ink barbs showed a stout lady sitting in shorts in a rocking chair before an open electric refrigerator, into which she had inserted a fan, to enable her to sit in an air-cooled room. The caption read: It's that man WILLKIE that's running up our electric bills. He's always trying to do the impossible."

Arriving at Colorado Springs for his rest days, Candidate Willkie was confronted with the evidence that he

was to face the onslaught of the opposing party. Chairman Gillette, of the Senate investigation committee, wanted to probe into "the alleged high pressure telegraphic campaign in behalf of Wendell Willkie." The records of the telegraph company will probably reveal that more telegrams were filed at their offices favoring Willkie than for any candidate who ever ran for President; the senders paid for them with their own money.

Willkie promptly replied at his press conference that the opposition would not have to wait long for the answer.

"Gillette is a Democrat and is trying to help the Democrats win. As far as I'm concerned they can investigate it forever. We do not want to conduct a campaign on such trivialities. A party which has to resort to such tactics as the New Deal is presently doing must indeed be nervous about the outcome of the election," he fired back.

The sequel to this was Senator Gillette's statement to reporters that he "knew of" no law to prevent the people taking part in that telegraphic type of campaign.

General Hugh Johnson, firebrand columnist, summarized some of his views of Willkie as follows in a *Saturday Evening Post* article:

"Mr. Willkie's argument is that when Government says that it 'spreads benefits' by limiting, controlling, and regulating private enterprise and production, and taxing or confiscating the property of one class of citizens to give it to another—'share our wealth'—it is stating an absurdity, because there is no increased production—no creation of wealth and hence no distribution of wealth—but only

the reverse of what we are seeking. It is a distribution of scarcity and poverty, not wealth. But if our economic system, under its own steam, can create wealth by increased production and distribute it more widely by lower prices due to increased production, we are on the road to complete recovery.

"His argument tries to bring these two theories of government face to face in a deadly parallel. Others can say that. They are stating a theory. He can say it with the competence and conviction of having done it.

"According to Mr. Willkie, it spells part of the difference between the totalitarians and the democracies. It emphasizes the point that we can't be in part communist or dictatorial, and in part democratic. We can't stick to our established system of private enterprise, which created on this continent, with no greater natural resources than exist in several other and backward areas, the highest standard of living for the common man that ever existed, and at the same time substitute governmental operation of our business enterprise as is being done in TVA.

"We can't because the incentive of private enterprise is freedom of action and the hope of reasonable gain. The incentive in Government operation is political control, non-profit operation, and substitution of the fear of punishment for the hope of reward. They will no more mix than oil and water.

"In his utility experience lies what many people think is a political strength rather than a weakness in Mr. Willkie."

XIV

THE WILLKIE WAY

SHORTLY after one o'clock on the morning when the ballots had declared him to be the Republican party's Presidential standard-bearer, Wendell Willkie, still wide awake after four sleepless nights, answered the first questions propounded to him as to the major issues of the campaign. He responded vigorously and emphatically:

"National unity, building of additional defenses, rehabilitation of national economy."

He continued, with almost a suspicion of a yawn, "There are others, but these seem to be the major ones at this time."

In response to another query as to whether he would have a brain trust if he won, he replied with one of his inimitable smiles, eyes twinkling with good humor:

"The greatest myth in America is the brain trust. It takes two things to have a brain trust—brains and trust; and we had only a trust!"

When asked about his acceptance speech, after his appearance at the Convention to thank the delegates, he added, smiling:

"I have accepted already, so don't go creating any

rumors. I'll probably be in my Indiana home town to receive the official news from the 1,000 delegates who have started the campaign rolling."

In a breathing spell at headquarters it was revealed that the Willkie campaign had been carried on only by 700 local Willkie clubs scattered all over the country. The entire cost was less than $40,000, exclusive of what the clubs expended. Still, the cross-word puzzle was discussed with kind words by the puzzled delegates as to how all the local clubs and individual Willkie enthusiasts knew the exact hotel addresses and habitats of every delegate and alternate, for the flood of 20,000 telegrams asking delegates to vote for Mr. Willkie was addressed not only to the delegate but to his hotel room number, which would indicate that there is some efficiency among that gang of Willkie boosters.

This tide of wire and phone messages was climaxed when a 10,000-name message to the Ohio delegation was received at the Philadelphia office. This, by the way, was the longest telegraph message on record. Perhaps this was the straw that broke the back of the Taft movement, for Ohio always seems to have its say in the making of Presidents.

There seemed to be no leader on the scene who could boss the delegates, who had begun to understand that the people at home were sitting tight and watching them. Perhaps Willkie used the technique of the power lobby, with which he was thoroughly familiar; but this time he was giving it a new and effective application.

Altogether there was a feeling that the old-time boss-run machines were scrapped. They wanted a new model, and all agreed that this was one time when a national party convention was unbossed and, apparently, unled. Then up popped Willkie with a smile and said: "Come on, boys!" and they followed him.

When Candidate Willkie returned home on the yacht with Roy Howard, publisher and editor of the New York *World-Telegram,* the old-time wiseacres raised their eyebrows.

"What will the farmers, the laboring men, think?" they asked.

But Wendell Willkie is one man who does just what he feels he should do and he could not resist the impulse to spend the week-end with his old and close Indiana friend. Candidate Willkie has an abhorrence of the ball-and-chain idea and sincerity is his watchword.

Every detail of Willkie's life became of sudden interest at this stage, from the one-year-old-baby pictures to those of the sturdy specimen of American manhood stumping for the Presidency at 48. When Willkie returned to New York he went to the theater in most normal fashion, buying his tickets in the natural way and not waiting for complimentary passes to decorated boxes. Few people knew when he entered the theater to witness the production "Life With Father," one of those human interest plays that reveals life as it is and not as most of us think it should be.

While awaiting the rise of the curtain, someone in the

audience discovered Willkie, his wife and son—and then the spotlight was taken away from the stage. However, Howard Lindsley continued behind the footlights to dominate that little wife in real life, Dorothy Stickney, who portrays the wife in the play. She hails from North Dakota, and it seemed that people were thinking of "our little wife"—like the one sitting in the audience—who manages in her own way to control every action of the big, robust father who thinks he is really the master of the house.

"The day after," as the old silent movies would have it, I found a number of enthusiastic Willkie women who insisted that they would have sent their delegates or Congressmen a red-hot telegram but they couldn't find out the name of the honored representative in the roar and bustle at Convention Hall.

There has never been a convention, to my knowledge, when a candidate just "growed," like Topsy. One cynical opponent remarked:

"He has just been exploited like a new brand of soap."

The result was just what occurs when everybody tells everybody else about something that has a tinge of mystery . . . neighbors talked Willkie while they were borrowing over the back fence.

While the few specious opponents called attention to the fact that Willkie was not well dressed and that he slipped in his grammar occasionally (pointing out that he had said "Please don't speak derogatory of any of my opponents"), it didn't add up. Just analyze that criticized

sentence and see if you can't make a satisfactory adjustment without painful effort of the brain; the spirit was there and the sentence was clearly understood.

Another critic pointed out that he skidded in his grammar when he remarked, "Those kind of people are indifferent to public good." And horrors, what a jolt he gave them all when he left out the letters "ly" in this important sentence, "I began to take my campaign serious on May 11"!

How that poor little adverb must have suffered!

I wish you American voters could have seen Wendell Willkie in action during those eventful days in Philadelphia. It was worse than any jam I have ever seen in Hollywood with crowds trying to catch a glimpse of some glamorous movie star when Willkie entered the room. He seemed to have the hotel lobby or street corner or any place he might be ready for his speech. Batteries of news photographers shouted, "Camera! Camera!" but no one said, "Quiet, please." They usually shouted, "Keep him going!"

The outstanding reaction that I find among people concerning Wendell Willkie is that he possesses some of the same qualities and faults that we all possess. We can read his life with the prelude that goes direct to the reader's heart—"you remember when." His life seems a part, a reflection, of our own. The same impulses, struggles, and handicaps.

Willkie, for example, gave the Commonwealth and Southern a slogan that sold his goods. He liked that word

"commonwealth" in the title of his corporation and he reeled out slogans for his salesmen of the Tepco such as "Better light, better sight." He named his young women sales experts "The Home Light Girls"; he was called the "overdue Hoosier yeast" in a Wall Street industrial cake.

To meet and read about Willkie reminds one of finding an old shoe to put on after suffering from tight shoe experiments in footwear. Willkie is like simple, forceful phrases all too seldom used.

His brief remarks when notified of his nomination success, early in the morning after the epoch-making convention at Philadelphia, were far more impressive than a lengthy, flowery speech—plain words spoken in tones vibrant with feeling and sincerity:

"I am very humble. I am very grateful for this great honor. I am very tired. Now I would like to join my friends."

That is why so many millions of people are seeking and are wearing campaign buttons, in our national colors, bearing the magic words—"Willkie for President."

Men and women alike over the country are wearing campaign buttons in 1940 who would never do so before. They are wearing them with a real, personal pride in Wendell Willkie, whom they feel will be our President in the fullest sense of the word.

The old rail-splitter spirit of the campaign clubs in 1860 has been revived in the campaign of 1940. Just as Lincoln was, so is Willkie—"a man of the people."

We find the answer in the thousands of letters written

to thousands of editors—the Willkie preference. Here is a typical example, apropos of a Willkie club:

"I'm no joiner. I have an aversion to movements and meetings and a highly cultivated resistance to political spellbinding. But I was exceedingly curious to learn what sort of people in my community were for Willkie, why they were for him, and what they hoped to get from Willkie if they got him into the White House. So curiosity got the better of my standoffishness and I attended the Willkie Club meeting.

"All kinds of people were there. A millionaire gentleman farmer had the aisle seat in my row. Next to him was a carpenter. Next came I and next to me my favorite plumber. The audience mixture was pretty generally of that character.

"At the back door and windows were a number of men in working clothes who could not be persuaded to come in because they hadn't had a chance to 'wash up.' There was no more ballyhoo or emotional incantation at any point in the proceedings than at a Quaker meeting. From the brief talks from the platform I could not have learned why anyone should want Willkie in any job. It was simply taken for granted that everybody who had come there already knew why he wanted Willkie and when the meeting broke up into small bevies, to enter into lively discussion of the prospects, it was evident immediately that everyone did want Willkie.

"So I marched into the ranks of the Willkie movement with some misgivings and some trepidation—but I do

feel that I've never been offered a chance to set out with a better one.

"I feel that the need for this man's services at the nation's helm is so urgent that the time has come at least for me to subordinate my congenital anarchism and my porcine individualism to the common good.

"I want Willkie in the Presidency because I'm sure that he is an honest man with a housecleaning habit which will prompt him to wield his broom all the more vigorously. I want him because he has a horror of subterfuge in financial statements, such as in our own budget. I want him in office to represent us in the face of all challenges from blasted Europe, because he is one of our several million natural-born noblemen, evolved from our struggle between stalwart manhood and tough old nature, in whose instinctive reactions to trouble we can put reliance."

And now let us turn to the words of that erudite scholar and writer, Walter Lippmann, in his discussions, "Today and Tomorrow," in the New York *Herald Tribune*. Here we have his views on the Willkie tidal wave:

"Wendell Willkie was nominated because enough people realized that the Republican party could not afford to approach the world of 1940 as if this were 1920 and 1932 and 1936. Yet that was precisely what the professional politicians and the old leaders were about to do until they arrived in Philadelphia and were overwhelmed by a great tide of public opinion.

"Muddle-headedness in statesmen has become fully as

dangerous to the lives and fortunes of the people as muddle-headedness in a general or an admiral. Sleepwalking in politicians is as dangerous as sleepwalking on the bridge of a ship at sea. If the officers and men who are our first line of defense were as undisciplined and demoralized, as unaware and as irresponsible as the politicians who control them still think it quite all right to be, they would not be excused with an indulgent cynicism. The politicians have abused their privileges long enough and now they need to be reminded sternly that their old slovenly ways are no longer good enough. It is now time to have done with the kind of political leader and behavior which have ruined every other democracy on earth, and there is no time left for the old monkeyshines.

"And that, I believe, is the belief of the men and women who nominated Wendell Willkie."

XV

"READY? CAMERA!"

FULL-PAGE portraits of Willkie have even pushed Clark Gable off the front page.

In one office a young lady was trying to save her picture of Willkie. It disappeared. She tried again the next day and again it was casually "lifted."

Finally she purchased a copy, put it on a chair and sat on it, saying: "This time I'm going to save Willkie."

This phase of the Presidential campaign indicates that people never outgrow the love of pictures, which they understood before they could read or write. Every personality is more or less interesting if you can depict the details of his life in a simple but graphic manner.

It will be observed that the Willkie button did not contain a portrait, only the red, white, and blue national colors with the inscription "Willkie for President." The power of a portrait comes when it is enlarged and people study the facial features.

I recall that the nomination of William Jennings Bryan in 1896 against great odds followed not only his golden-toned speech of defiance before the delegates, but it was preceded by a full-page portrait published in the Chicago

Herald. His enemies said he was like the river Platte, "small at the source but big at the mouth."

Willkie has a mouth that suggests the Great Commoner, Bryan, who in his crusades was able to secure more Constitutional amendments than any other public man. Bryan was a visitor at the Willkie household when he spoke in Elwood, Indiana, and the tiny lad to whom he gave a campaign button remains to this day an admirer of the man who unsuccessfully ran three times for President and even then was not discouraged but was prepared to run again.

Willkie broke away from Bryan in the 1924 campaign after the Madison Square Convention.

There was little necessity of urging people to vote in the 1940 Presidential campaign. The Willkie followers were made up largely of people who had never taken any active interest in politics, but in the race for the nomination they had a real thrill of anticipation and a satisfaction and realization that their work counted in the great game known as politics. All the old rules seemed to be scrapped.

Then Willkie loomed up to make politics the people's business rather than the business of and for the politicians, Mr. Average Johnny Q. Citizen realized he had a vote to cast in common with millions of other people in choosing the President. Especially was this true of the women, who are becoming more discriminating in their use of the ballot; but still it must be confessed that a handsome man is as attractive in the political arena as on the screen.

So as the "gay 40's" approach they'll have to pep up

and improve the pictures on political banners if they want the woman vote. Despite all the appeals for practical procedure in these times, the leader of public opinion has realized that fundamentally people are moved by sentiment—not sentimentality. Emotions still play a large part in human affairs. When Wendell Willkie referred to Franklin D. Roosevelt in a facetious way, he did not intend to deride poetry, but merely felt that in the brilliant phrasing of the master radio speaker of his time there was always a poetic flourish that fascinated.

The finished addresses of Roosevelt will remain as scholarly, good literature, revealing a brilliant intellect; but the application of some of these figures of speech did not always work out in the figures that represented the financial status of the country.

The astronomical aspect of the billions involved in appropriations that added gaily to the public debt day by day became so familiar by constant reiteration that public debt was looked upon as a public blessing. The array of commissions that utilized nearly every letter of the alphabet to name and distinguish them seemed to indicate that the Roosevelt administration had run the gamut from A to Z.

Wendell Willkie early began the study of the alphabetic bureaus in order to know what it was all about—where it began, why it continued, and where it would end. He began to untangle the mess, just as he did with corporation kinks that seemed full of knots from which it seemed impossible to unwind any strand of yarn that could be used in the warp of constructive progress.

The saving grace of Willkie's humor cropped out during the campaign of 1940. When the newspapermen asked Willkie if he would call upon President Roosevelt, he responded, "Certainly, if I am invited. One should always be courteous to one's predecessor."

An imaginary interview, written by H. I. Phillips in July, reflected the jovial spirit that characterized the opening of Willkie's campaign prior to his official notification and the deliberations of the Republican convention. Here follows the first of the imaginary interviews, as portrayed by Mr. Phillips:

Franklin—I'm glad to see you, Mr. Willkie. Are you eager for the fray?

Wendell—I can't remember ever looking forward to anything more eagerly. Are you?

Franklin—Maybe we both mistake apprehensiveness for eagerness. I have pictured many possibilities, but I never dreamed I'd be disputing the White House occupancy with a public utilities man.

Wendell—You're no more surprised than I am.

. . . . .

Franklin—Did you wish to talk things over with me?

Wendell—Well, I didn't come here to fix the lights.

Franklin—I thought it might be a good idea if we talked over the foreign situation in the interest of a common front. I feel that this country is in grave danger, especially in view of recent events.

Wendell—You are not referring to the Republican nominations?

Franklin—No. They were not at all bad. If the Republicans had to bother to put anybody in the field against me this year, it might as well be you. I am glad to know that both tickets will be headed by a Democrat.

Wendell—I'm a former Democrat.

Franklin—So am I!

. . . . .

Wendell—By the way, here's a card for you. It's the name of a moving company.

Franklin—But I'm not moving.

Wendell—That's a matter of opinion.

Franklin—I can assure you that I am staying right here.

Wendell—A man can't tell today where he will be tomorrow. Look at me.

Franklin—You certainly swept the convention. How did it happen? Did most of the delegates owe you for an electricity bill?

Wendell—No. They all figured it was so dark in this country under the Democrats that it would be a good idea to have a man in Washington who could improve the lighting system.

Franklin—You exaggerate. Things are not dark in this country.

Wendell—Then why do the New Dealers do so much stumbling?

. . . . .

Franklin—Say, on the level, Wendie, I looked over that Republican platform. Don't tell me you can carry out those pledges.

Wendell—If I were you, Franklin, I wouldn't dwell on the matter of platform pledges.

Franklin—Okay, let's forget platforms.

Wendell—It's the usual course.

. . . . .

Franklin—Well, you and I ought to put up a great radio battle.

Wendell—Have you ever listened to me on the air?

Franklin—I have heard you, but I can't say I listened.

Wendell—You *will* . . . from now on.

Franklin—Nicely put. Let's drink a toast.

Wendell (as both stand)—To the people's choice in November!

Franklin—May the best Democrat win!

Somehow in moving about I find the Willkie supporters seem like comrades in a fraternal organization. There is something in the clasp of the hand and the look of the eye that seems to require no further introduction than to say "I am for Willkie."

Even the women, young and old, seem to be ready with a gracious smile and nod of acquaintance if you are wearing a Willkie button and prove it in action and appearance.

Among the older friends of Wendell Willkie who enlisted early in the campaign was H. E. Talbot, Jr., who put

aside his extensive business responsibilities and said to his associates, "I'm leaving for a real vacation to work for Wilkie."

He was but one of thousands of others who took early vacations in 1940 to see that Willkie was nominated in order that the third-term candidate may have a long vacation after eight long and strenuous years in the White House.

When the pouches of mail poured into his home at 1010 Fifth Avenue, New York City, the routine at the Willkie household had to be changed. There was not enough room to take care of the correspondence that carries the home address indicated in "Who's Who" and the telephone directory. The telephone rang continuously from the time the milkman arrived until the radio was turned off at twelve.

There was one friend of Mrs. Willkie who knew something about home life during a Presidential campaign. Mrs. Blythe Walker, the daughter of former President Benjamin Harrison, came over like a good-natured friend to help out. Fortunately, there was a vacant apartment on the floor above and in a few hours it was transformed into a busy hive where the Presidential bee might buzz at will.

Every letter received was promptly answered, and Wendell Willkie was puzzled at times to know which was the busier place for the typewriter brigades—his home or his office.

In connection with this fireside headquarters, which

was more or less personal, the Willkie clubs of both men and women continued to demonstrate that the folks from Fifth Avenue and from Main Street are just folks. It was an effective challenge to the efforts to create class hatred by demagogic appeals calculated to array the rich against the poor, and especially the other way about with the battle cry of "soak the rich," meanwhile coddling the poor with public funds. It was an appeal to save the self-respect and God-given right of every American to live with his head erect and a determination to earn his own livelihood and not bow his head to dictatorial decrees of bureaus in Washington or barter his vote for what is rightly his.

It is repugnant to American pride to have to sign a pauper's oath to secure the help and relief which unfortunate circumstances and emergencies may render needful to all of us at some time or other.

The great problem that confronts Willkie is to restore the confidence of business and build up pay rolls distributed in envelopes that are not all postmarked Washington, D. C. People are beginning to realize that money paid out in relief comes from the pockets and hopeful good wishes of "all fellow citizens" rather than as a gift from any President or political organization.

XVI

AIR-MINDED AND FAIR-MINDED

WHEN I saw Wendell Willkie take off at the airport in Washington for Colorado, I felt that he might become our Flying President. He entered the ship with a bundle of books under his arm and without any fuss or feathers in farewells. It seemed as natural for him to enter that airplane as to jump in a taxi or board a train. Aviation has already become a commercial necessity as well as a thrilling travel experience. There was a fellow-feeling, for I had traveled by air over three continents and was convinced that an executive must be air-minded as well as fair-minded in these modern days. I felt that Willkie would be a President who would not clip the wings of aviation for political purposes and would seek only competent counsel, and above all that he would keep the civil aeronautic authority away from any danger of political manipulation.

How fortunate it is that Willkie should be so intensely interested and alert for the expansion and advancement of aviation for trade and peaceful pursuits. How important it is to have a chief executive attuned to a practical appre-

ciation of the mighty potentialities that are associated with aeronautics.

As I left the airport, an Airways friend of mine said: "The air has always been the best place for travel, but only the birds knew it until a few years ago."

Now everyone who has ever traveled along the skyways of today knows the birds were right.

And don't forget, the dreams of today are the realities of tomorrow. Aircraft designers are now working on bigger and faster planes, planes to carry greater loads at higher altitudes and over longer distances.

And they will soon come. Our "air merchant marine of the Americas"—the Pan American Airways System—has, for example, already asked manufacturers for suggested designs for 100-passenger planes capable of flying any ocean in a single hop.

We are just beginning to realize that aviation represents the *n*th power in transportation. We are learning daily in this hemisphere that the airplane's manifold powers in the ways of peace are equal to its terrific powers of dealing death and destruction in the gory ways of war.

We are beginning to utilize for the benefit of humanity the fundamental fact that the airplane is man's single instrument of transportation which is not earthbound, which can ignore the natural obstacles of the earth and travel the shortest distance between two points.

Aircraft have no roadbeds to build, no rails to lay, no highways to get constantly out of repair. They have, ready-made for them, the finest, smoothest, swiftest ways

in the world—the *three-dimensional* highways of the air, maintained by Mother Nature—and they never wear out nor cost one penny to keep in perfect shape.

This does not mean that airways do not have to be built on the ground, and provided with every facility for weather service, communication radio guides, landing, refueling, and lighting. There are sixty men on the ground for every flier aloft.

These are the vital facilities which serve the ships of the sky as they flash along in their well-guarded native element of the air. These are the things which enable our great air transportation systems, flying day and night with their precious cargoes of men, mail, and merchandise, to operate a full year, and months besides, without a single fatality to passenger or crew.

One statement at the airport in Washington said, "It is providential that Americans, who gave the airplane to the world, are leaders in the world's peaceful conquest of the skies!"

From the viewpoint of air transportation, in the stratosphere, every city and town and hamlet is a seaport of the air.

We believe that the time is coming soon when a town in North, South, or Central America would as readily give up its highways as its place on the radio network of the air.

For once a town is on that network it is a citizen of the world; it is a seaport of the air, with swift and certain communication and transportation to every other city and town, island, colony, and country in our western world,

and even beyond the seas, for our own American argosies of the skies—our great Flying Clipper ships—even now spread their sturdy wings across both the Atlantic to Europe and the Pacific to Australia and the Orient.

Today the 33 countries and colonies of all the Americas are bound closely together by the swift and intensely practical bonds of the peaceways of the air. Fleets of aircraft on their busy routes are not only making near neighbors of every city and town in the United States, but literally are moving the Southern Americas up to a position of adjoining states. The intervening ocean means nothing to the transport lines of the air.

Among the countries of the western world the fleets of flying ships, on their swift shuttles back and forth, are not only speeding travel and trade and close communication; they are also weaving a fabric of friendship and understanding so complex, so strong, that no dictator can ever break it, nor time ever destroy it.

This comment made at the airport seemed pertinent:

"We must reconstruct our ideas of the map of the United States, of the Western Hemisphere, of time and space. Our Atlantic seaboard is no longer a week's travel from our western shores. It's only overnight! Our States have shrunk to *counties,* in transportation size. Aviation has squeezed the water out of the map of our hemisphere. South America is only half a day from our southern shores! Not so long ago that much time was needed to drive a horse and buggy to the county seat!"

Somehow we think of Willkie with his ideals of unity

and the promises of aviation as applied to the commercial and social life of the Americas. If they be neglected or become politicalized—if we fail to foresee aviation power for peace as well as war—then we are failing to keep in step with the rest of the world, failing to carry on the progress which our pioneers so nobly advanced, failing to make full use of the keen visionary mind of America as reflected in the achievements of men like Wendell Willkie, who inspires American youth to "carry on."

You will remember that in the development of automobiles the United States was far ahead of Europe. The same is true of aviation. But when the vigor and vitality of America get behind any forward movement it is always speeded up and never stops until the greatest heights are achieved.

Europe had well-established air lines before the United States, but once under way the momentum and perfection of air-travel service here has already surpassed that of Europe.

Because the United States is still the "land of the free," where men initiate and push on to the highest peaks of achievement, the boys and girls with their toy airplanes reflect the spirit of youth in exploring new frontiers, made possible only because the doors of opportunity are still open to the lad from the small towns, who can still hope for that success which has come to the lad from Indiana in 1940.

Lindbergh sailed east to the Azores and, like Columbus, discovered the new realm of air travel and charted new

channels of the skies. The war experiences of Eddie Rickenbacker and the long list of eminent aces and aviators in America who wore wings overseas initiated the development of air lines here, and these already have become superlative achievements in aerial transportation.

All this has been accomplished without a blot of war blood on the wings of the great ships that zoom over the length and breadth of our land with a hum that chimes in with the songs of industry and the bloom of the fields beneath, which will blossom with new pay rolls for the millions of Americans seeking earnestly for employment to provide security for their homes and families.

With Willkie at the controls of our national ship, America need have no fear of the future of aviation here.

XVII

HEART AND HAND FOR ALL

ECHOES from the rooms on the eleventh floor of the Hotel Benjamin Franklin, from which the decisive work of the nomination was conducted, now are heard in all parts of the country as the real campaign for election gets under way.

During the convention the hotel corridors were jammed with all sorts and conditions of people, including the curious citizens of the City of Brotherhood who wanted to view a live candidate in action. All the beds and chairs in the sleeping rooms adjoining were filled with people waiting for a word from Wendell Willkie, who did not cease to talk hour after hour with friends and who shot forth suggestions like a machine gun.

Rumors and counter-rumors floated through the air. A political convention is one event at which men and women will mill around through the lobbies just gossiping as to the prospects of the various candidates. One young man insisted that the Republican party was going to have a new symbol, which was to be the dark horse Willkie instead of the lumbering elephant. A motion picture and phonographic record of all that was said and done in the

seemingly crazy hours would indicate that a convention is the one madhouse spree in which an intelligent decision is to crystallize.

Good humor prevailed. I did not see one person in Philadelphia under the influence of liquor or who was not able to take a joke. It was an occasion that marked the rise of new party leaders. All this happened—not in a smoke-filled room but in the simple and unpretentious headquarters of Wendell Willkie. Despite the crush and confusion, the well-groomed, well-planned, and elaborate preparations of other candidates, the minds of the people were not diverted from the dramatic fact that Willkie was coming. Many old-timers who knocked on the door were not recognized by the youngsters and were left muttering in their beards, dignity ruffled.

Another highlight:

In a theater audience I happened to notice a young lady fumbling in her pocketbook as the crowds were cheering Willkie. She brought out a clipping, worn and tattered from many readings.

I could not resist the impulse to ask her if I might look it over. In the glare of that convention theater I reread a portion of Willkie's epochal speech of May 11 at St. Paul. Here it is:

The issue in this campaign is not morality but life. The object of this program is to restore the vitality of the people's enterprises. For eight years the New Deal has engaged in a campaign to discount American free enterprise and to magnify the powers of government. It has resorted

to the old Roman stratagem of "divide and conquer." It has attempted to set class against class. It has drawn a distinction between business and the people, as if one were hostile to the other.

We want no more of these men in high office who act as provocative agents of class warfare. We want no more of this attack upon the enterprises of the people. Directly or indirectly, all of us are engaged in business. Whether we live on wage earnings or on savings or on life insurance or on government salaries, we get our money from the productive forces of industry and agriculture. Government itself can create no wealth.

Its income comes entirely from the economic enterprises of the people. There is no such thing as a separate and slightly sinister activity called "business" pursued by a few economic royalists. There are only millions and millions of Americans trying to earn a living. Some do it better than others. Some rise to executive positions and some are wage earners. Some work in a big company, some in a small one. But for all of them business is the most important activity of their lives. It is not the function of government to be either the dictator or the enemy of the 10,000,000 enterprises in which these people are engaged.

When I returned the clipping the young woman proudly displayed a Willkie button on her evening gown.

Later, in New York and in company with other newspapermen, I visited the Willkie home at 1010 Fifth Avenue, not far from the home in which I once inter-

viewed Elihu Root, the master mind of the McKinley cabinet.

Across the street from the Willkie home is the Metropolitan Museum of Art, often visited by Mrs. Willkie to see its famous paintings—for her husband has not yet reached the stage of being a millionaire art collector. And, come to think of it, he never owned an automobile, for he remarked often:

"I'm too absent-minded to risk the lives of other people. I couldn't even steer a mule in the furrow on the old farm."

On the morning of our visit, Willkie dashed to the office as usual in a taxicab. A colored man, who knew Willkie's schedule, drove him as he had driven him morning after morning.

"He's a real guy," he said. "He never gets nervous and knows how to give a good tip without making faces."

That day Fifth Avenue seemed to me just like Main Street. People gathered around to see the candidate off just as if there was a wedding and craned their necks to see an individual who had been unobserved for many years in his "little gray home" on the avenue. As Willkie walked on the street he had the same sort of hearty "Hello!" as for the neighbors in Elwood. He has always had the habit of speaking to everyone, and he said that sometimes in New York they would turn to look at him, wondering if he was quite right or "teched in the haid." But Willkie never was dazed by the fish-eyed stare of city folks as they observed their country cousins straining their necks to see the sights of little old New York (which

really is made up largely of country people, many of whom try to assume metropolitan airs and speak with the ultra twang of a "real Noo Yawker").

That same Willkie friendliness captivated all those who attended the convention. What an unforgettable picture it all was!

The only booing during the nominating speeches was when Halleck in his 30-minute nomination speech mentioned that Willkie's name was presented "without the aid of campaign funds." While it was evident that much money had been spent on his candidacy, that money came largely from volunteer contributions, from people who wanted to support him with their own money and their own lives.

But the seconding speeches were five-minute echoes of the formal presentations, whereupon the speakers wound up and were prepared for the outburst to follow the mere mention of the name which was the cue and climax for a real demonstration. When the divided delegations attempted to carry the State banner, there was a physical scrimmage for the standard. It all suggested the preliminary bouts I have witnessed many a time in Madison Square Garden.

The usual custom of permitting bands to accelerate enthusiasm was forbidden by the chairman, but the tin horns persisted among the spectators. Then the rumble of the drums, hardly in the category of music, began. Finally there pealed forth a somber melody as if to quiet the nerves of the excited throng in their united effort to pro-

long the demonstration for a record in which split seconds counted, indicating the popularity of the candidate. Sometimes I think that the spectators at the convention had a more definite influence in choosing a candidate than the delegates, and there was evidence of amazing foresight among the Willkie men in securing tickets and becoming guests of the convention.

On the stage platform and in the hotel lobbies it was like meeting a living edition of "Who's Who," but there was lacking the picturesque interest in personalities that were distinguished by customs and expressions familiar to the public.

The high peak seemed to be ironed out and everybody was just everybody—which made the convention more of a people's gathering than in former years. There was Hugh Johnson, explosive as usual, knocking the water pitcher off the table; there was Dorothy Thompson, rather demure but insisting that Willkie be on the ticket with Roosevelt. I rode in a cab with Boake Carter while he was digesting the platform. Kaltenborn was commenting in his brusque, staccato way, recalling the time when he wrote country newspaper editorials and comment in Wisconsin. Gabriel Heatter had his say in his way.

Political campaigns are undoubtedly keeping pace with the swift development of American ingenuity. The first broadcast of a Presidential election was in 1920. A primitive effort to hear the voices of the air with earphones amid the crashing, static chorus of the crystal set was in popular evidence.

Radio, it is true, now has become an essential in political campaigns, but the real and convincing last word appears in public print where the eye can confirm what the ear has heard.

In 1940, television played its part. Motion pictures portraying radio programs have supplemented each other. When Wendell Willkie appeared on the popular program "Information, Please," the people were pleased with the information he gave. Willkie was outstanding in that illustrious gathering of savants who had been assigned to pour out information with a liberal-sized ladle and in few words.

The Philadelphia convention nominating Wendell Willkie represented an astonishing array of modern inventions for purveying information to the masses. The great batteries of light seemed to symbolize these inventions.

The television lights blazed a new pathway, bringing to people far distant the varied expressions, gestures and idiosyncrasies of the speakers before the microphones on a small screen—with really a far better view than that had by the spectators on the floor or in the galleries. Loud speakers resounded in the streets of Philadelphia, carrying the perorations of the speakers on the rostrum in Convention Hall.

One could keep track of the proceedings while one dashed about by land, by sea, by air. They were given out for the "man in the street," and people in their homes viewed simultaneously what was going on. I heard the proceedings on Broad Street, at the Bellevue-Stratford

Hotel, and in the rooms of the National Chairman. I could follow every detail of what was occurring before my supposedly vacant desk in the press gallery—which, by the way, I found always occupied by some lady who insisted that she was a relative or an assistant to some of the busy boys who were trying to gather up a bit of vagrant gossip that would make headlines for the newspapers back home. Millions of words poured out over the wires, carrying coattail gossip that always was of human interest. To the newspapermen it was a great guessing contest, and several prominent newspapers guessed sadly wrong when they proclaimed after the first ballot that Taft would be nominated.

As the spotlight of public interest moved on, Willkie sounded the theme note of his campaign, informally to delegates, formally "in convention assembled."

"To preserve the initiative spirit of America on the basis of three human factors.

"The first is the inventor who has the idea for a new device, new method, or new product.

"The second is the investor, who has sufficient confidence in the inventor's dream to give him the necessary capital to develop it.

"The third is the administrator or manager who can organize the business and keep it going.

"I believe that we have more men in these three categories in America today than ever before in our history. These three types of men constituted the triumphant triumvirate of our economic past."

His words appealed to youth as a new model, a modern, up-to-date interpretation of what has passed and what exists today. He was pushing back the horizon and facing the future fearlessly with "the hope that springs eternal." He struck a responsive chord with a word of five letters, UNITY, the basis of all human relations—just getting together and finding the common denominator of common sense that represents the common interest of all people.

The dramatic 48-day campaign resulted in crystallizing sentiment for the one thousand and one delegates at the Republican National Convention held in the city where the Liberty Bell proclaimed a free nation with the signing of the Declaration of Independence; where Willkie, lone candidate against the field, persuasively proved to the group that what was needed was a new Declaration of Independence for the same sort of unity that Benjamin Franklin, as chairman of the committee, pleaded for when he had that memorable conference with Thomas Jefferson, who penned the magic lines of that historic document.

Somehow Willkie resembled the pictures I had seen of Franklin; winning them with a smile and with a friendly word that banished all thought of malice. A joke and a laugh would follow Willkie's statement of facts as he saw them. Here was where his genius as a trial lawyer, his knowledge of juries, his power of wooing men to his side, stood out—in his ability to bring cheers and enthusiasm to a convention that opened rather cheerlessly in the face of a crisis that threatened the very existence of the Republican party.

For was it not in Philadelphia that the first Republican Convention was held, in 1856, which inherited the mantle of the "Whigs"—built around the Federal party that carried on the ideals of Hamilton for a representative Republic?

XVIII

CHOOSING HIS CHAIRMAN

WILLKIE disposed of the chairmanship problem by describing Joe Martin of Massachusetts as a "fine man with splendid ability and absolute integrity and fairness."

"The moment the National Convention was over, I started out to get Joe Martin as National Chairman, and I have persuaded him to come with us," said Willkie. After talking with Taft, Vandenberg, Dewey, and other leading candidates, Willkie insisted they are all "perfectly swell." Russell Davenport, who gave up his magazine work to launch a Willkie campaign, continues as Willkie's personal representative, working with Joe Martin.

Oren J. Root, Jr., the New York lawyer who is the grandnephew of the late Senator Elihu Root, will continue his effective work in building up Willkie clubs throughout the country.

There was an impressive moment when, standing before the American flag, Presidential nominee Wendell Willkie met for the first time Senator Charles L. McNary of Oregon, the Vice-Presidential nominee. They seemed to click

as they smiled and looked into each other's faces for the first time. Together they attended a dinner for Republican members of Congress and made their "bread-and-butter" thank-you talks.

The cry of "We want Willkie" broke the pledge and promise that there would be no speeches at the dinner. But you can't think of meeting Willkie, or even the quiet and modest McNary, without having a talk.

Sitting on the back of the chair so he could be seen, Willkie continued his performance of speaking to the newspapermen, and good-humoredly answered all sorts of questions, wise and otherwise.

While Martin had his eye focused on the one important objective which he has had in mind for these long seven years, that of securing a Republican majority in the House, he realized that that would be accelerated in the popular swing toward Willkie as President. As a minority leader on the floor, Martin has seen the necessity of having a working majority to carry out the administration's policy and reflect the voice of the people in votes in Congress. The rubber stamp era is passing. Wendell Willkie may have his fights in Congress but he has a way of getting along with those who are going in his direction—even if they insist on having their own way.

With New England conservativeness, Joe Martin has estimated that only a five per cent change in the vote of the country would give the Republicans the majority in the House of Representatives. Only 50 seats are lacking to make that possible and Joe has insisted that the Republi-

cans could win the House regardless of the results in the Presidential election.

When this happens, the stocky little Massachusetts Congressman, with a dimple and a smile, will realize his ambition of becoming Speaker of the House, a position almost second in power to that of the President.

For fifteen years Martin has served in Congress. When he was elected we knew him as a brother newspaper publisher at North Attleboro. His friends there say that ever since he was a young boy Joe has not failed in any responsibility toward family, business, or party. He began as a newsboy and at an early age became owner and publisher of a paper which he distributed among the Attleboro homes. As chairman of the Congressional committee and assistant chairman of the National Committee, he is credited with conducting a campaign that gained eighty Republican votes in Congress.

When Wendell Willkie put his arm around Joe Martin at the Philadelphia convention and began his first address to the delegates with a tribute to the sturdy little chairman who wielded the big mallet, it indicated that the intrepid little Congressman from Massachusetts was a leader in his own right.

The same quality that caused Joe Martin to be voted by newspaper correspondents as the most popular Congressman appears on all occasions. As assistant chairman during the last Presidential campaign and as leader of the House he appeared on the horizon encircling "favorite sons' candidate" for President in 1940.

But when Bachelor Joe Martin gallantly presented Mrs. Edith Willkie before he did the nominee, he understood the power of the woman vote.

Presiding during those long anxious hours, he never lost his temper—even when they turned the hot and blinding television lights upon him. He wielded the huge gavel made of wood from bits of the furniture in Abraham Lincoln's home. He had to take both hands at times to wield it—but Joe stuck to his mallet.

Previous to leaving by airplane for Colorado, where he rested and prepared his acceptance speech, Wendell Willkie flew to Washington for the purpose of convincing Joe Martin that he should be chairman, despite his protest that his work in Congress was more important. He will serve, with pay, as the leader of the Willkie campaign forces.

Although he never wears a watch and does not adorn himself with jewelry, the 1940 Presidential candidate, Willkie, has a way of being on time as well as on the spot.

The blazing interest in his personality may flicker and fade at times, but there is something so emphatically and typically American in his makeup and active life that he will continue on as the topic of many a "Horatio Alger" tale. He has proved that there is still a way from the bottom to the top and he has brought back "Main Street" to a more kindly public favor. The much maligned "Babbitts" are restored to good standing as examples of American activity. The shadows cast by the cynical descriptions in Sinclair Lewis' prize-winning novel have passed.

The articles of Sinclair Lewis' wife and helpmate, Dorothy Thompson, helped to bring out Wendell Willkie, a Main Street candidate from the haunts of Wall Street, as one capable of winning Presidential honors. Later she wanted to lighten the cargo by giving Willkie a place as Vice-President on the ticket headed by Franklin D. Roosevelt and form a coalition ticket, but the idea did not seem to take hold with the delegates. Willkie's candidacy, I am told, even marked a decided change in the trend of the books sold. Here was one eminent man who did not confess that he read detective stories and trashy pulp magazines as a "diversion." This was indicated by a glance over the titles of the books in his private library and on his reading desk. It was emphasized further when he purchased books to read on the swift airplane trip to Colorado. The volumes indicated that he was going to do some thinking as he read. The dead weight of the books was more than that of the personal baggage carried on the airplane, which probably contained an extra necktie besides the speckled blue that he wore through all the days of the convention.

Speaking of books, I found a paragraph in Willkie's San Francisco speech which indicates that he is keeping up with the literary procession. His purpose was to bring new blood and vitality to the campaign. This was evidenced in his nominating organization, distinguished as something rather unusual in being made up of volunteers instead of those seeking office.

In his California address Willkie doubtless thought of

the author Steinbeck, who lives in that state, when he made this play on the title of his "best seller" book and popular play:

"If industry is given this chance, in a few short startling years the "Grapes of Wrath" will be turned into the "Sour Grapes of Wrath" of the envious bureaucrats and theorists as they behold the United States again becoming a prosperous nation of free men; and perhaps even more important, we will thus set an example of prosperity under a democratic system which will do more to keep lit the torch of liberty than will ever be accomplished for that cause on all the battlefields of Europe."

In even the most casual study of Wendell Willkie's career and achievements I have been impressed with three qualities that stand out definitely.

First, he has the magic power of decision—a decision that decides.

Next, he has precision and a passion for facts and figures. He does not often indulge in "figures of speech." His precision is akin to that American genius that has given us the well-balanced automobile dealing in measurements of one ten-thousandth part of an inch in order to obtain that perfect balance and facility for speed that has made the American automobiles famous the world over.

Then comes "vision." Without "vision" a people will perish, says the Good Book, and without vision a human career is likely to be only a husk without fruitage.

There was, perhaps, a personal reason why he sought

the Colorado climate for rest days, during which he promised himself plenty of sleep. In a high altitude invigorating thoughts are apt to flow more freely. Pikes Peak, with its matchless view, was the inspiration of Katherine Lee Bates when she wrote the national song, "America the Beautiful" and from atop the Rockies envisioned our own America "from sea to shining sea."

The state flower of Colorado is the modest columbine, and poetic souls have dreamed that beside each star in the flag is the bloom of some state flower, emblem of the hope of enduring peace. The blue columbines are suggestive of the true blue loyalty that will bring about the unity in peacetime that has been the dominating theme of Willkie's campaign.

These vacation days were enjoyed in the state whose delegation at the convention was led by Willkie's friend, Governor Carr. When Carr insisted on voting for Willkie, against the protest of his fellow delegates, he offered to resign rather than sacrifice his convictions. At the beginning it looked as if he might be thrown out, but the Willkie sentiment rapidly percolated among the delegates as the telegrams poured in from the voters in the Centennial state. Colorado was admitted to the Union on the one hundredth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, which may have given the candidate a further impetus in invoking the "spirit of '76" as he wrote his letter of acceptance to the G. O. P. which selected him to make the crucial campaign of '40.

XIX

MOTION PICTURE DEBUT—"INFORMATION, PLEASE"

MOVIES and Wendell Willkie met each other 'way back in the days of store shows with silent films. Willkie became a fan the moment he saw his first flicker in his little Indiana home town. Those heart-throb dramas, aided and abetted by a hard-working pianist's soulful rendition of "Hearts and Flowers," made their mark on the memory of W. L. W.

Today he is making his mark on the minds and memory of his fellow citizens via the motion picture, now an audible and influential vehicle. It is as star guest guesser in an "Information, Please" film that he is both entertaining multitudes and endearing himself to the American public.

Willkie's alertness and his intelligent, prompt answers to questions won him an invitation to appear as guest on the radio presentation of the "Information, Please" program, which owes its genesis to the genius of Dan Golenpaul.

On the air Willkie more than held his own in mental matches with the regular experts—John Kieran, Frank-

lin P. Adams (F. P. A.), Oscar Levant—as Master of Ceremonies Clifton Fadiman fired his interrogative broadsides.

No wonder Golenpaul and Frank Donovan, vice-president of RKO Pathe, producers of the "Information, Please" films of RKO Radio Pictures distribution, thought of Wendell Willkie when they planned a new subject following the G. O. P. Presidential nominee's air performance. That Willkie acquiesced shows that he is a showman! That the producers cast him in the film proves they are showmen! For audiences have rendered unanimous approval in terms of terrific applause at virtually every screening.

The outstanding case of audience enthusiasm occurred on the Fourth of July at the Radio City Music Hall, New York City, largest theater in the world, when a holiday crowd of 6,000 rose to their feet shouting, "Three cheers for our next President!"

Willkie was discovered in the front row of the mezzanine, flanked by newspapermen. The ovation was said by the manager to be the loudest and most unusual ever accorded any visitor in the theater's history. The applause was repeated when Willkie appeared on the screen in the "Information, Please" reel.

He had slipped into the theater virtually unnoticed as a vast line blocked the executive entrance on 50th Street, but Willkie managed to maneuver his way around the crowd and into the theater. He was conducted to the mezzanine seat as the last scene of "All This and Heaven Too" faded off the screen. He had entered in the semi-

darkness and relaxed into a comfortable position to wait for his own film. His privacy was shortlived. No sooner had the house lights come up for the brief intermission between the feature and his subject, than those in the near-by seats discovered the celebrity. Word spread through the vast auditorium like wildfire. Then the flash bulbs of newspaper photographers focused the attention of the entire audience upon Willkie.

Some shouted, "It's Willkie, our next President" and the audience rose to its feet, applauded and shouted, "Willkie! We want Willkie!" Even the theater's large orchestra stood up and joined in the applause.

The Presidential nominee took it all in his stride; then he leaned forward in his seat and grinned as he observed the thousands of people standing in his honor. Responding to increasing cheers he clutched his straw hat in his hand and waved to his friends. The demonstration continued until the lights were dimmed and the curtains parted and "Information, Please" started on the screen. The applause did not subside with the showing of the film. Every time Willkie answered a question correctly as the picture proceeded he was applauded.

It was evident from the reception accorded the "Information, Please" reel with Willkie that this was a very popular medium wherein to meet his public. As the film faded off, Willkie waited to see the famous Rockettes do their rounds and then made a hasty exit, stopping now and then to acquiesce to requests for autographs and handshakes.

"Information, Please" No. 12, the official release title of the subject starring Wendell L. Willkie as guest guesser, was produced at the Fox Studio, 450 West 54th Street, New York City, on June 13th. It was just two weeks before Willkie was nominated in Philadelphia. The filming of "Information, Please" was an event for Willkie and equally as eventful for the technical staff and the invited audience, who enjoyed every moment of the audible action.

The nominee, at that time still executive of Commonwealth and Southern, dashed up from his office on Broadway and was just a bit tardy for his appointment. Meanwhile, Frank Donovan, director, and his staff had filmed and recorded the famous close-ups of Clifton Fadiman and the incidental action.

Messrs. John Kieran, Franklin Adams and Oscar Levant arrived shortly before noon and lunched in a small adjoining studio, "acting up" like Hollywood extras. By the time Mr. Willkie arrived his fellow "actors" had been rendered specially photogenic to meet the battery of cameras.

Immediately upon his arrival director Frank Donovan and Dan Golenpaul introduced him to Eddie Senz, official makeup man. Senz reports that he immediately sized up Willkie as very photogenic. All he had to do to make Willkie up was to put the routine foundations on the skin to darken the tone, as the high-powered lights usually tend to show up the blood vessels and lines. Mr. Willkie did frown a bit when Senz produced a rather large powder

puff but acquiesced when told it was a part of the routine makeup.

Willkie was photographed as the real Willkie. In other words, according to Senz, the nominee had every facial attribute of good photography. No attempt was made to make any changes in the structure or contour of his face, but he had to apply the inevitable powder puff now and then during the making of scenes.

A specially designed functional set was developed for pictorial and sound-recording effects. This set, being used for the first time, was designed by Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge.

Mr. Willkie's brief schooling, supplied by his radio appearance on "Information, Please," immediately put him into the spirit of the idea, and his hand went up in answer to the very first question on the current filming. A young man was pictured in a tub of water, pouring from a kettle of water and being the sudden recipient of a blow on his head from an apple. Mr. Kieran was given the first chance to answer the question, he having raised his hand at the same time Mr. Willkie did. He gave a satisfactory explanation—that the pantomime illustrated the discovery of steam by Watt.

Then Mr. Willkie gave his contribution, pointing out that the falling apple reminded one of the discovery of the law of gravity by Sir Isaac Newton. Kieran followed with the observation that jumping out of the tub might illustrate the discovery of Archimedes who it is said was the first to discover that a floating body displaced

its equal weight in water. Mr. Willkie countered with a modern observation that the kettle was boiling on an electric stove, which signified the discovery of electricity, and when F. P. A. jocularly accused him of shop talk he countered with the typical radiant Willkie smile.

In the race of the fusillade of questions bombarded at the experts by Mr. Fadiman, Mr. Willkie held his own; and just as eagerly as he wished to give correct answers, he also was willing to admit failure on the ones he did not know. In making the "Information, Please" films the questioning continues until the film expires, and then they take time out for reloading. It was nearing six o'clock in the evening of June 13th when Wendell Willkie completed his first day's work as an actor; and, strangely enough, it was just at this time of day that some weeks later, after being nominated to a great office, Wendell Willkie witnessed himself on the screen.

It is natural that Mr. Willkie would want to see the results of his appearance before the movie camera, and the producers had courteously arranged for him to see it in the projection room; but then the inevitable press agent stepped into the picture and asked, why not invite him to see the picture at the Radio City Music Hall when it had its première.

Mr. Willkie saw at once that it would be much better to see the picture as one of a larger audience than to view it alone in a cold, small preview room. The newspapermen accompanied him from his conference with the Repub-

lican leaders, and they found the Music Hall happenings very interesting material for their Willkie story of the day. That is how the incident of the Willkie triumph at the Radio City Music Hall came about and how news of it reached the public press.

XX

UNITY, HUMANITY, AND SPIRITUALITY

ONE phase of the Willkie campaign has revealed the trend toward a spiritual awakening among the people. This may go far toward helping to meet economic problems.

When the hardheaded and politically minded Sam R. Pryor of Connecticut made the following statement following Willkie's nomination, he expressed the feelings of countless others:

"It was not one group of delegates which was responsible for Mr. Willkie's nomination, for I really think there was something of a divine Providence in the air at that convention."

Together with a group of other members celebrating birthdays I was present at an anniversary party given at the Advertising Club of New York. We met at the "Round Table" in the center of the room known as the "Get-Acquainted Circle." The unique idea was inaugurated by Charles Green and carried on by Frank Morrison, who has arranged a thousand such birthday parties.

The clubhouse is located on Park Avenue, New York,

and contains a classic stairway designed by Stanford White. Here world celebrities have been photographed. The list is a veritable "Who's Who." It includes presidents, princes, potentates, poets, philosophers, prima donnas, prizefighters, motion picture stars, even a king and queen (also many aces)—altogether a pretty full hand of notables, including many businessmen—buying and selling advertising, a former publicity center.

In the center of the table is a "Lazy Susan" which makes it unnecessary to waste time in asking for the salt, sugar, and condiments. The favorite jar is one containing apple butter; some may call it applesauce. Conversation begins before the cutlery rattles on the table. Repartee, cryptic phrase, streamlined chat tinged with cynicism and personal comments flow freely with the coffee and other beverages. Compliments are tabu.

When it was announced that I was writing a book on Willkie I met the raising of eyebrows under which skeptical glances were shot at me. One reptile whispered under his breath, "Poor fish!" Now I knew we were off for a red-hot discussion. In the first "Galluping" poll taken it was evident that there was a predominant Willkie sentiment, and I breathed easier.

Before dessert was reached and birthday greetings exchanged I had suggestions sufficient to fill an Encyclopedia Britannica. One remarked facetiously that the volume contained a number of biographies that I might use as a model, mentioning brevity as the chief mark of merit.

A lull followed the joking mood. Now, I thought,

they're settling down to a real brass-tack discussion of Willkie to help me out. The look on their faces indicated that serious thoughts were crystallizing. I had a stenographer parked behind a screen to record the words of wisdom that might fall from their lips. The first mention of issues truly astonished me.

These hard-boiled colleagues, whose entire energy and genius is dedicated to Mammon—to getting the dollars from the people through advertising—launched a one-sided round-table conference. For once there was uncanny agreement.

Roy started the ball.

"There are fifty-three million church communicants in the country. I wonder if they realize what Unity means? The minds of all peoples today are focused on fear and horror. Idolatrous dictatorships are riding roughshod over the softened democracies."

"Yes," broke in John, "democracies may have softened, but they have never denied Christian precepts or subjugated the churches to the State nor demeaned or plagued spiritual movement."

"Well," said Jesse, after dipping again in the applesauce jar, "if Wendell Willkie were free to write an article like the one entitled 'Five Minutes to Twelve,' and address himself directly to the readers, it might influence many doubtful votes. For instance, if he used the title 'Democracies Still Have God' he could handle the non-christian, soul-destroying ideologies of modern despotism without gloves. He could analyze the spiritual and moral deca-

dence that has disrupted the democratic peoples of Europe. It is only where Christian ardor flags and Christian precepts are submerged that quack economics can be indoctrinized."

It was here that Frank became so excited that he put salt in his coffee.

"Why not confess right now that we are all a part of a battalion of backsliders and recognize that religion is the center of those decencies with which we all want to be identified?"

Here is where Roy, thumping his spoon on the table to attract attention, declared:

"I believe Willkie could make a plea to the spiritual leadership of America that would increase the stature of men's souls. We may yet find ourselves singing 'Onward Christian Soldiers' in a militant support of Christian ideals as well as candidates in a political campaign."

"Well, you must all admit," drawled George, flicking his cigar ashes in the sugar bowl, "people are turning toward a spiritual awakening, finding their way back to the churches in a realization that moral rectitude must first come to the people before it can be reflected in government. There are more good-intentioned voters fundamentally religious than there are bad-intentioned people without religious faith."

Here Zenith chimed in. He had been searching for something in his pocketbook for some time and finally pulled it out triumphantly. "Here's something unusual that James Madison, President of the United States, wrote

during the dark days of war in 1812. Let me read it to you—you strangers to American history:

" 'The advice nearest to my heart and deepest in my convictions is, that the union of the States be cherished and perpetuated. Let the open enemy of it be regarded as Pandora with her box opened, and the disguised one as the serpent creeping with his deadly wiles into Paradise.'

"Somehow I feel that this serpent is represented by the Fifth Column. One of their first attacks is to undermine religious faith."

Roy had been busy writing on the menu card and he was the first to arise to make a real oratorical demonstration.

"You fellows have suggested that it is time for a courageous national unity to proclaim itself. The efficiency of men enslaved, however regimented, has never equaled the attainments of free men. There is nothing in totalitarianism. How is that for a long word?" he continued, catching his breath. "That word or the ideal it represents cannot awe us or make us envious. How much we have that they have not! How vital it is at this moment that we as one of the millions of groups decide to protect what we possess. Totalitarianism—I repeat the word—may breed its own ruin, if we are prepared with an impregnable defense for our ideals."

"Good stuff, Roy," whispered Charlie before he took the floor. "Zenith is not the only highbrow in this group of immortals. Now I am going to repeat from memory some-

thing that I recited in high school many years ago. The words were first delivered by Daniel Webster. Here she goes, fellows. Note the curving gestures, delivered despite the spacious curve in front, indicating my physical expansion. Here we go:

"'Let us stand by the Constitution as it is, and by our country as it is, one, united and entire; let it be a truth engraven on our hearts; let it be borne on the flag under which we rally in every exigency, that we have one country, one Constitution, one destiny.'"

This evoked a suspicion of applause and Fred, who was from Boston, exclaimed, "Massachusetts, there she stands. That peroration makes me think that patriotism is not a forgotten word. All this discussion sounds as if you eggs have some religious tendencies as well as patriotic impulses. Perhaps we might as well join one of Oren Root, Jr's., Willkie clubs and be done with it."

"Anyhow," said Gill, "we might title this story, 'UNITY, HUMANITY AND SPIRITUALITY, or The Three Graces Rediscovered,' by advertising men. It might be a pronouncement that would further arouse the spiritual awakening already apparent as an influence that will stand solidly behind the unity of thought and humanities in action that Willkie will require for the job that he has before him."

Calls to the telephone broke up this birthday party, which continued far beyond scheduled time. Guests were

reminded that they had appointments to keep and a living to make in order to keep their spiritual ideals aloft.

When I was called to blow out the forest of candles on my birthday cake I gathered myself together for the supreme blast and chanting, "Gone with the Wind," I made my wish. I made a perfect score, snuffing out every candle. Perhaps you can guess what this wish might have been.

To me it will be already a reality in November, 1940.

As we left the room I heard over the radio someone repeating a poem that seems fitting as a curtain for the dominant thought at this birthday dinner.

If radio's slim fingers
  Can pluck a melody
From night and toss it over
  A continent or sea;
If the petaled white notes
  Of a violin
Are blown across a mountain
  Or a city's din;
If songs like crimson roses
  Are called from thin blue air,
Why should mortals wonder
  If God hears prayer?

—Ethel Romig Fuller.

XXI

A GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA SPEAKS

I CAN see the tall form of Booth Tarkington, working away on his manuscript in "Ship Studio" at Kennebunkport—"Working with Willkie" in the campaign of 1940. Note the text of this letter sent to Russell Davenport, the personal representative of Wendell Willkie in the Republican campaign organization.

It reads like a Penrod grown up and ready to cast his first vote for President. It answers an all-important query.

" 'What ought Willkie to do?' He ought to do what he is. That is, he mustn't lose anything of what makes us say, 'A man has arisen!' Why did we say that? Because he was the visible strong destroyer of a lie that was leading our bowed and unwilling selves into slavery.

"What lie? That it is odious to succeed in business. What slavery? State socialism—obedience to the successful politician—or to the philanthropic yearner.

"New Deal politics had been working Jacob's time—Hitler's time—seven years—adroitly saturating American minds with that lie, and it was working delightfully for the crowd that put it over, horribly for all the rest of us who labor.

"I saw the best group of business and professional men in Indianapolis rise to Willkie: for that moment they were all coming out of the slough of despond with a leap—the burden gone. Willkie was a visible shining hope. After he'd gone, the old depression settled down on some of 'em again—the machine would never allow old common sense to sit in the saddle again.

"We'd have to take some slickster who'd enlarge promises to the 'pressure groups.' When the convention felt the pressure of the greatest 'pressure group,' the people who do the country's useful work, those skeptics could hardly believe it was happening and sent up this roar of joy you're hearing from Maine to Californy.

"Willkie has only lies to oppose him. If the New Deal has done any good thing, that good thing doesn't oppose him. He will have the vote of every intelligent adult who does profitable work. The New Deal candidate will have the votes of live-and-die Democrats, who think they're 'voting Democratic.'

"All Willkie has to do is to stay strongly as right as he already is, and after meeting him, I don't see how he can help it. How simple his method is: Just going to the quick truth!

"Yrs.

"Booth Tarkington."

. . . . .

Standing by the historic monument in Lexington, Mass., I found a young lad who wore a Willkie button looking

up intently at the statue on Lexington common at the fork of the roads.

"What were you thinking about, my boy?" I inquired.

"See that picture in the window over there?—Wendell Willkie," he continued promptly, pointing to the red, white and blue ensign on his shirt. "I was thinking—just thinking—I should like to vote for that guy Willkie. Up there"—pointing to the monument—"is the Minute Man; but don't you think Willkie is 'the man for the minute'?"

Just then a young girl passed, and I jokingly asked her, "Are you a Willkie?"

"You bet I am—he's good-looking and he's a he-man. My boy friend is going to cast his first vote for Willkie. He promised me to do so last night as we stepped off that new dance—'Donald Duck Doodle.' You ought to see us do that step."

. . . . .

Time moved swiftly for Wendell Willkie in his Colorado retreat during the hot days of late July. He was preparing his case to be presented later in his speech of acceptance at Elwood. Visitors from all directions poured in upon him. He made a trip to the "Garden of the Gods" for a breathing spell.

In view of the fact that Secretary Wallace, President Roosevelt's chosen Vice-President, was the author of the Triple A, the arrival of George N. Peek gave the reporters

a real "peek" into the scope of Wendell Willkie's conferences on agricultural and foreign trade problems.

George N. Peek, first administrator of the New Deal's AAA and former special foreign trade adviser to President Roosevelt, visited the Republican nominee. This was in line with Willkie's previous announcement that he was planning to "get all possible viewpoints" on national problems before drafting his acceptance speech.

Willkie and Peek conferred in private for more than two hours. At the conclusion of the conference, Willkie called reporters into his suite and told them that he had been getting Peek's viewpoint. Willkie made it clear that he was in no way committing himself to any part of Peek's program.

"As I have told you boys before, I am trying to get viewpoints on all the various national problems," the nominee said. "I hope to get all sides of each question."

Peek, a bitter opponent of the reciprocal trade treaties of the New Deal, because of which he broke off his administration connections in 1935, outlined an eight-point agricultural and a four-point foreign trade program.

In general, Peek's agricultural program assailed the New Deal for "restrictive policies," while his foreign trade plan opposed the national administration's programs, especially its reciprocal trade agreements.

An offer of support by two former New Deal officeholders prompted Willkie to suggest a movement to organize Democrats and independents of like belief.

Lewis Douglas, budget director in the early days of the Roosevelt administration, and John W. Hanes, former assistant to the secretary of the treasury, offered to work for Willkie's election.

Democrats who recently have pledged their support to Willkie include Irvin S. Cobb, the author; Vance McCormick, former Democratic national chairman; Stephen Chadwick, former national commander of the American Legion, and William H. ("Alfalfa Bill") Murray, former Governor of Oklahoma.

In a telegram to the Republican nominee, Douglas and Hanes said they would seek "to enlist in your behalf the support of Democrats who believe with you that loyalty to country takes precedence over loyalty to party."

In a replying telegram sent to Douglas, Willkie said:

"I received the wire signed by you and John W. Hanes in which I understand Mrs. Roberta Campbell Lawson now joins. I am personally very appreciative, but I recognize that you are not actuated by personal friendship but because of your grave concern for the continuation of an uncontrolled democracy and the democratic way of life in this country. Many others have communicated with me to the same effect. Will not you and Mrs. Lawson and Mr. Hanes, together with Alan Valentine, president of Rochester University, commence in your own way the organization of Democrats and independents of like belief?"

The telegram offering support also was signed by Mrs. Roberta Campbell Lawson of Tulsa, Okla., president of

the Federated Women's Clubs of America. In a separate message Alan Valentine, president of Rochester University, offered his services.

Douglas quit as budget director in disagreement with administration policies. Hanes served as a member of the Securities Commission as well as Under Secretary of the Treasury.

The text of the Douglas-Hanes message follows:

"We the undersigned, lifelong members of the Democratic party, are deeply disturbed by the developments at the recent Democratic convention in Chicago. They constitute the first organized effort in American history to keep the same national administration in public office beyond the historic two-term period. No matter how grave the national emergency, the continuation in authority for three terms of this political machine, clothed as it is with tremendous public power, is a still graver menace to America. We submit that this effort should be resisted without regard to partisan politics by all who would preserve democracy in the United States. We therefore propose, with your approval, to enlist in your behalf the support of Democrats who believe with us that loyalty to country takes precedence over loyalty to party."

Valentine said in his message that he understood independent citizens were volunteering their services to Willkie. "Count me in that group," he continued, "for I offer my services in any way which will be useful to you."

The dean of Washington writers, Mark L. Sullivan, never fails to analyze the significance of political trends

with unerring accuracy. Commenting on the Willkie nomination, he said, in part, in the New York *Herald Tribune* of Saturday, June 29:

"It was a triumph of reality over phoniness. The reality was that the people wanted Mr. Willkie. The phoniness was the presumed handicaps that stood in his way. . . .

"By yielding to the public demand the convention saved the Republican party. More than that, it saved the two-party system. And that is important in a time when the forms and institutions of democratic government are everywhere tumbling or threatened.

"That America's two-party system is saved is an invaluable thing. Quite probably the two parties are changed in nature. The Democratic party, taken over by the New Dealers as respects leadership, has gone far in the direction of collectivism; it has become cousin to socialism. At the same time, the Republican party now moves in the direction of what was traditional Jeffersonian democracy. There is in Mr. Willkie much of the Jeffersonian Democrat, including especially his emphasis on individualism. In Mr. Willkie's past political associations and activities, in his writings and speeches, and in the big robustness of his personality—in all that lies one conspicuous creed. The individual citizen must not be oppressed or frustrated by big business—but also: Neither must the individual be oppressed or limited by big government."

FACE TO FACE WITH PRESIDENTS

COMPOSITE PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENTS

A PICTURE of Willkie represents truly and authentically the spirit of America—grass roots, rugged philosophy, fearless approach, sturdy character—the spirit of '76.

He possesses great intelligence in his simplicity. And simplicity is the zenith, the acme, of intelligence. All great cultural art, music, sculpture, picture composition, is simple—because Truth is really the simplest thing there is.

We have in Willkie a man who is *not* a prey to isms or inhibitions. We have a man who starts from the soil and grows—grows to tremendous heights in the industrial world but never detaches his roots from the American soil. So that he derives strength and fortitude and purpose from that very soil which is actually impregnated with the mortality of Lincoln, Washington, Jefferson and all our great national heroes. Willkie is an American; he represents Americanism in its truest and most unadulterated form; *he is the kind of American every American would like to be.*

You see in his fortitude and his stamina, his ability and readiness to grapple with problems and to meet them face on, unafraid, the pioneer, the revolutionary spirit. It ap-

plies to his fight for right, his battle to protect the sacred text of our Bill of Rights.

He is of the people and for the people. He knows their trials and tribulations, their joys and sorrows—all this because he has been through it all himself.

He makes friends because he *is* a friend.

As a historical character has defined the ideal public servant, "He may disagree with policies but he defends to the death an individual's right to self-expression."

We are getting back to the America of homes in Willkie—home life, home truths, home philosophies. It is "Get down to earth with Willkie!"

Now if you will reduce all the qualities of past Presidents to their essence, you will find Willkie.

Just think:

CLEVELAND—Stolid, honest, unswerving in his American ideal. Slow-moving was his large, bulky form, but quick-acting was his brain and firm his principles.

HARRISON—Small in stature, with broad iron-gray beard, famed for his concise speeches and his grandfather's hat—that worn by President William Henry Harrison.

McKINLEY—Kindly, genial, understanding, sympathetic.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT—Aggressive; straight from the shoulder; big stick; "Get the job done!" America and Americans first; "Hit the line hard!"

TAFT—Jolly. Judicial. Internationalist. Trade reciprocity. Good will toward men. Home and family.

WILSON—Humanitarian. Academic. Logician. Intellectual. Willkie says, "Learn by teaching." Wilson was a teacher.

HARDING—Personality. A lover of peace. Heart and hand to all manner of men. Good-humored, loyal to all. He was maligned by vicious blackmailers. After his death vindication came when the perpetrators of this calumny were proved to be felons and scandal-mongers.

COOLIDGE—Quiet common sense. The old-time 'hoss sense of New England.' A cracker-barrel and corner-store philosopher. Taciturn. Not given to wasting words but he chose every word to mean something and count for something. Coolidge was *balance*. Never overenthusiastic; never overdepressed. Sanity; common sense; affability; loyalty to friends and to the people. Vermont farm background. Sunday school. Library. Teacher. "A real American boy."

HOOVER—Straightforward. Knows that two and two make four. A business leader applying business principles to the biggest business in the world. Turning governmental deficits into profits for the benefit of his stockholders—130,000,000 of 'em. Truth. No dodging facts or issues. Calls a spade a spade and then "what to do about it?" Humanitarian. Suffers keenly when others suffer (Belgium starving).

ROOSEVELT—Patrician—but a mixer. "My friends." Has shown fight for the plight of the underdog, just as

Willkie will fight for the rights of the unemployed and poor. Helps sufferers (Birthday ball funds for infantile paralysis cases). A radio President. Talks to millions in their own homes.

You will find a suggestion of Willkie qualities in each paragraph devoted to all Presidents whom I have met face to face and interviewed for my readers.

GROVER CLEVELAND

WASHINGTON was all agog! There was a wedding at the White House!

Crowds assembled outside and I was among them—just to look upon the outer walls of the Executive Mansion on that June day when the beautiful and winsome Frances Folsom became the First Lady of the Land.

The ceremony was performed in the Blue Room—the favorite color of the charming bride—and only members of the family and the Cabinet were present.

In the state dining room the wedding cake was cut, and in the gathering darkness Grover Cleveland and his bride evaded curious eyes and made their way to a honeymoon retreat in Maryland.

Four years before, Grover Cleveland was a name unknown to the people of his country. Now he was the Moses who had led his party out of the wilderness of successive defeats on to victory. Another distinction is

noted—that he was the first bachelor President married in the White House. President Tyler's nuptials were celebrated there, but he was a widower.

As a little girl, Frances Folsom was much attached to "Uncle Cleve," who became her guardian upon the death of her father, Oscar Folsom, his law partner. While at Wells College she received flowers from Cleveland, then Governor of New York, and her schoolmates chatted with uplifted eyebrows, little dreaming that Frances Folsom was to become the wife of a President.

In 1885, the eyes of the world were focused upon Cleveland, this ponderous, vigorous, independent individuality whose personality and courage won the admiration of many of the opposition party.

Stephen Grover Cleveland, born in Caldwell, N. J., was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman receiving a stipend of $600 a year. Cleveland attended school at Clinton, N. Y., the home of Elihu Root.

Cleveland insisted upon taking the oath as President on the old Bible his mother gave him when he left his boyhood home, on the flyleaf of which was the inscription that remained a life inspiration; and he was always deeply touched on hearing his mother's favorite hymn:

"How firm a foundation,
Ye Saints of the Lord."

My first sight of Grover Cleveland was when he was Governor of New York, attending the ceremonies at the opening of Brooklyn Bridge—where twenty-five people

were killed in a panic caused by a cry of "the bridge is falling down."

Cleveland, as I first saw him, was an impressively built man of 45, with a black mustache, very stout, with pronounced rolling double chin. He wore usually a widely spaced stiffly starched stand-up collar and hand-tied bow. There was a keenness in his gray eyes that belied the slow-moving physical activity of his bulky form.

Although somewhat averse to the formal function of handshaking, Cleveland was gracious to us college boys who called to pay our respects.

We hoped to secure a consular appointment for one of the boys and emulate William Dean Howells, Bret Harte and Nathaniel Hawthorne who had become real authors while serving as consuls of the United States abroad.

Cleveland dropped the pen which he had doubtless used many hours that day in his personal correspondence (written in a minute, almost feminine, handwriting), as a glass of buttermilk was brought to him and placed on his desk.

As the spokesman, I ventured to speak of fishing in Massachusetts. Cleveland's luminous gray eyes softened as he proceeded to inquire as to the season's prospects on Cape Cod—but he jolly well knew that someone in that crowd of ours was "fishing for a job."

It was a sensation in that little Cape Cod community when Mrs. Cleveland arrived in a coach and four. Attired in witching white from hat to shoes, it was observed by society editors that she was the first woman to appear without a bustle, the fashion note of the period.

Consequently it is chronicled that Frances Folsom Cleveland had much to do with the elimination of this useless appendage which women had persisted in carrying behind in response to Dame Style's decree from gay Paree.

My young heart beat faster when I looked upon an engraved invitation to a reception at the White House with my name inscribed, associated with that of the President. This meant a dress suit. An excursion was made up Seventh Street in Washington, D. C., while the strains of "Solomon Levy" rang in my ears.

Appearing before the glass, it was found that the coat tails were rather long, the trousers somewhat balloonlike, but the shirt had a glowing celluloid front, making me feel that I was full armored . . . "yust like a real young yentlemans."

Solomon admitted the white gloves were large but grimly suggested, "vill 'em oud vid vind by blowin' 'em oudt." He insisted on a larger deposit than I possessed, but my pleas were successful, for I left all my worldly goods with him, including my watch as additional security that I would return the clothes for other waiting customers.

Somewhat conscious of being a misfit, I arrived at the White House and took my place in the long double line, assuming all the dignity possible behind that barricade of stiff billboard front on which flashed one of the Solomon crown jewels like a headlight.

I had the feeling that the ladies were laughing at me from behind their fans. When the order came to "single

file" at the door, I glimpsed the President and his beautiful bride. To me that setting was a memorable picture of feminine beauty and valiant manhood. As the procession moved slowly toward the host and hostess, the ladies would unfurl about seven yards of train attached to their gorgeous evening gowns. Immediately ahead of me was a stately lady in black. Just as she unfolded the rippling silk, in my eagerness to push ahead I stepped upon it. There was a rip—I saw white—a glaring look over the lady's shoulder. It was Mrs. John A. Logan, wife of "Black Jack," candidate for Vice-President on the Republican Presidential ticket with James G. Blaine.

About to retreat and run, I felt the little gloved hand of the bride on my elbow as she whispered "Never mind" and smiled.

That is why I can never forget Mrs. Grover Cleveland as the queenly woman and the womanly queen of the White House.

In his first administration Cleveland never appointed a man to office unless he was a Democrat, but he was provoked when senators and congressmen recommended unfit men for office. After several sad experiences a senator who had endorsed an unreliable official who went wrong was greeted by Cleveland in the high nasal tone so characteristic of him:

"Well, do you want me to appoint another horse thief for you?"

The Interstate Commerce Commission was established during his administration, but he had nothing to do with

initiating the idea. He did, however, recommend a Commission of Labor during the strikes of 1886.

The prospects for Cleveland's re-election were bright in the early days of the campaign of 1888 but waned during the early autumn. The college boys were singing, "Grover, Grover, four more years of Grover." Of the legion of disappointed ones in the great phalanx of office-seekers which had virtually overrun Washington during the first days of the administration, many had returned home disappointed and disgruntled. John Philip Sousa and his Marine Band continued to play his popular "Washington Post March" which was the first one-step of the modern period.

During a blustery day in March, just before he left the White House, I ascended the steps, wondering whether I would be *persona grata,* and ran the gantlet of the ever-vigilant secretary and Major Loeffler, the doorkeeper.

"I am preparing to move."

In these last days of his first administration, Grover Cleveland was a sportsman to the finish.

My last visit with Grover Cleveland was on a day trip from Atlantic City where he had spoken on the night previous. His portly form submerged the parlor car seat as he continued chatting about Princeton, politics, and the Equitable Insurance Company, of which he was then a trustee.

Some time later his last words, spoken in the gathering darkness of the end, were:

"I have tried so hard to do right."

A sincere soul ever searching for the highest principles

of honesty in public life, Grover Cleveland's public career was a stormy battle for his convictions.

Even in the hours of his overwhelming defeat, he remained a hero to legions of enthusiastic followers.

Cleveland lived in retirement from 1897 until his death in Princeton, N. J., in 1908.

BENJAMIN HARRISON

In my first face to face interview with Benjamin Harrison, he seemed disappointingly small in stature, delicate in features, with pallid complexion, broad iron-gray beard and big blue eyes . . . a little rotund body that suggested pictures of Puck.

He had little to say to us newspapermen and amused himself by tapping his pencil absent-mindedly on the table when addressed.

This was the man whom I had seen sway an audience of 10,000 people in a masterful speech sparkling with lucid and terse sentences.

Conversing in rather a high-pitched voice, he never seemed at that time to see the visitors while talking, although he might be gazing directly at them.

In public speaking his favorite gesture was the uplifted right hand, rising on his toes as if to extend his height,

sending out his well-rounded sentences like a clarion bugle call.

We made our exit noiselessly, feeling that we had met a personality that lived far apart from the "madding crowd" but one whose character and pre-eminent ability remained unchallenged.

The direct descendant of a signer of the Declaration of Independence and the grandson of President William Henry Harrison, he had been charged often with being a political blueblood, an F. F. V., although his whole career refuted that impression.

He was born in his grandfather's house at North Bend, Ohio, in 1833. His father was poor and Benjamin Harrison knew real struggles in youth. He attended Marshall College in Pennsylvania and was a classmate at Farmer's College of Murat Halstead, later the famous Cincinnati editor, father of Albert Halstead, who became British Consul General in London and grandfather of Margaret Halstead, who created a furor with her beautiful voice in the Metropolitan Opera Company in the middle 1930's.

At the age of seven, at a celebration of the anniversary of Tippecanoe, where his grandfather fought, the boy Benjamin Harrison, mature beyond his years, was lifted on a stump as the crowds shouted, "Now for a speech . . . he's a chip of the old block!"

The lad responded with boyish independence:

"I want it understood that I am the grandson of nobody, for I believe every boy must stand in his own shoes." Old politicians nodded their heads approvingly.

Strikingly prophetic is the fact that the last battle fought with the Indians, when Sitting Bull was captured, establishing enduring peace with the red men, occurred when this lad, Benjamin Harrison, grandson of the hero of Tippecanoe, was President of the United States.

The first great cloud in the life of Benjamin Harrison came when, as a sturdy hopeful lad of fourteen, the beloved mother was taken from the old home to her eternal resting place in the little cemetery on the hillside. All through his life Benjamin Harrison referred to this sorrow as one from which he could never recover, saying often "there can be only one mother."

While attending college at Oxford, Ohio, he called often at the home of Professor Scott, with interest focused on Caroline Scott, the professor's daughter. He wooed and won the daughter.

The Oklahoma boom broke loose with its brigades of "Sooners" on April 22, 1889, when the Indian lands were opened for settlement and made many men and women wealthy with homesteads acquired free from Uncle Sam in this Promised Land of oil wells.

Soon after this I met President Harrison when he arrived in New York to take part in the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington, the first President of the United States, on that historic spot on Wall Street, April 30, 1789. Little old New York was ablaze with its own national historic importance that day.

The President arrived on the yacht *Dispatch* and crossed

the river to the foot of Wall Street, following in the wake of the George Washington barge of one hundred years before.

President Harrison passed over a pathway strewn with flowers by the children to the City Hall, where Chauncey M. Depew delivered one of his famous full-blown-peach orations under a scorching sun.

On another pilgrimage to the White House, I seemed to find a different Harrison. The responsibilities and worries of the work evidently had softened his diffidence, for he used the phrase:

"Age mellows the apple."

The popular comic opera of the day, "Olivette," with Fay Templeton, contained a topical song concerning the icy North Sea and the Whale, which some considered a satire on Harrison.

Three men who later became President of the United States in succession first appeared in the public spotlight during this period—William McKinley, defeated for Speaker by Reed, became the author of the McKinley bill and consequently defeated Reed for the Presidential nomination; Theodore Roosevelt, who then secured his first federal job; and William Howard Taft, also numbered among the Harrison appointees.

In the offing also appeared William Jennings Bryan, who made an address as Congressman on the popgun tariff bills that attracted attention from the political prophets and led him on to the Presidential nomination handicap for three successive times.

Sarah Bernhardt began making her popular farewell tours, and was then struggling with having a picture taken for publicity purposes, using the mico-graphone, the forerunner of the modern microphone. The "Divine Sarah" and other ladies of the time were wearing large blimp hats, perched on a topknot of hair, anchored with hat pins, that seemed ready to float off airily into space at the slightest puff of wind.

The White House walls rang with laughter as well as the cries of three babies during the Harrison administration. Some time ago I visited in Greenwich, Conn., President Harrison's daughter, Mrs. J. R. McKee, the mother of "Baby McKee." She resembled her distinguished father and recalled many interesting incidents that refreshed my memory of the Harrison days in Washington.

During the Harrison days the "Bloody Shirt" waved for the last time. Six new stars were added to the flag when South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana, Washington, Wyoming and Idaho were admitted as sovereign States. President Harrison, sorely pestered by the demands for offices in the new States, termed it a time of "the free coinage of senators," using a phrase current in that period.

The outstanding events of the Harrison administration were the McKinley Tariff Bill; the Silver Act, which fairly submerged the famous Sherman Act, later used so vigorously in fighting trusts; the Dependent Pension Act, and the first Pan-American Congress, fulfilling the dream of Blaine.

Congress was in the saddle and assumed the power of

leadership, while Harrison sat alone in the White House, holding the check rein of veto power. The first billion-dollar Congress appeared at this time, with Speaker Reed replying to critics:

"This is a billion-dollar country."

Again I met the President at the Grand Army Encampment in Boston in 1890. His headquarters were at the Hotel Vendome, where I served as an "outside guard."

Later at the Republican Convention held in Minneapolis in 1892, at which William McKinley was permanent chairman, I was assistant sergeant-at-arms, furnished with a big badge and a little wand of authority to prove that I was in charge of the water pitcher on the rostrum.

At this convention, James G. Blaine suffered his final defeat, which led to his retirement from public life.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY

Echoes of the stirring campaign of '96 were heralding the arrival of the "advance agent of prosperity"—as McKinley was christened by campaign followers. Far into election night the bands continued to serenade the "corner home" on Market Street in Canton, Ohio—long after the final result was announced that William McKinley was President-elect of the United States.

A cool March wind was blowing on the classic Na-

poleonic features of William McKinley when he took the oath on the steps of the Capitol at Washington. As President, he greeted first his mother, Nancy Allison McKinley. Looking up from her seat of honor on the platform, smiling through tears of happiness, she exclaimed:

"That's my William."

A beautiful romance that persists in the traditions of Canton, Ohio, is the story of how the struggling young lawyer, William McKinley, wooed and won Ida Saxton, the belle of the town. She attended school in New York and her father counted on a brilliant match for his talented daughter. She chose William McKinley as her life destiny; and it was a real love match.

The son of a Scottish-Irish father and Nancy Allison, daughter of an Ohio pioneer, McKinley's first purpose was to get an education. At 17 he organized a debating society to discuss public questions—already a thinker.

In 1897 I went to the White House to keep an appointment with President McKinley. As I entered, McKinley was sitting in a little yellow chair at the head of the long Cabinet table. With a kindly smile he gave greeting to me—a confessed office-seeker—as I modestly referred to my merits and work in the campaign.

With a Scottish accent, I announced my ambition to become American Consul at Edinburgh, as simply as if I were asking for a glass of water.

He observed the burr on the words and smiled. "I see you are in training already."

"Yes," I continued with an accentuated burr, "I want to

become Consul at Leith, the seaport of Edinburgh, and browse in the shade of historic Holyrood Castle and visit Melrose Abbey in moonlight, which I remember as a chromo on mother's parlor wall."

"Did your mother have a picture of Melrose Abbey at moonlight?" he inquired. I nodded. Smiling, he replied, "So did mine." We got together on the chromo proposition, for he concluded:

"I think it can be arranged."

I fairly bounded down the stairs.

At the foot I met "Uncle Mark" Hanna, the Warwick of political affairs.

"The Major's (President McKinley) appointed me American Consul at Edinburgh," I shouted.

Uncle Mark switched his cane, his dark eyes twinkling as I repeated the information, with an extra burr on Edinburgh. With a quizzical smile, he said decisively:

"You'll not be confirmed."

Then I knew I wasn't.

Crestfallen, I walked down Pennsylvania Avenue to my modest hotel lodging. Later there was a telephone call from the White House. A telephone call in 1898 was as rare as a message dropped from an airplane. I hastened to the White House and rushed up the stairs as Major Loeffler, the doorkeeper, hustled me inside.

Before me stood William McKinley, benign and serene, with a sympathetic look. He said:

"I think it is best for you not to go."

"Yes," I replied. "I've seen Uncle Mark."

"How would you like to meet a royal prince who is to travel over the country incognito?"

I am not sure that I knew just what "incognito" meant, but it sounded good and I assented gleefully.

Later I was presented to a tall, angular, stoop-shouldered young man with a little down on his upper lip. As I had not caught his real name and observed that he spoke with an accent, I just called him Fritz as he shook my hand cordially.

"Where are you going first?" I inquired, after noting that the royal prince breathed, smiled, talked, and walked just like any other human being.

"I am going to place a wreath at the tomb of George Washington."

At Mount Vernon "Fritz" gently touched the flute which Washington had played, accompanied by Martha Custis at the harpsichord. When we visited the tomb he looked aloft after he placed the wreath on the marble sarcophagus and read aloud the inscription nestling in the green ivy:

"Here lies George Washington."

"What a great thing to be 'Father of His Country,'" said "Fritz" reverently.

Later as he said his "good-bys" to Major McKinley, the President put his arm on his shoulders with a suggestion of filial affection.

The incident passed out of my mind, except that I had the rare privilege of meeting a prince of royal blood traveling incognito, who loved to shake hands with people

and was enthusiastically interested in everything American—especially in locomotives and machinery.

On that eventful August 1, 1914, the proclamation of a king flashed overseas. It began with the salutation "My fellow citizens." I jumped from the breakfast table as I read the stirring words and exclaimed:

"That's Fritz!"

It recalled the kindly reception William McKinley had given the tall, young prince when he made his first visit to America.

This memorable royal proclamation was signed "Albert, King of the Belgians."

Enter George Bruce Cortelyou, who began his public service as stenographer with President Cleveland and succeeded John Addison Porter of Hartford as McKinley's secretary. Out of this service and rare experience with the beloved McKinley, Cortelyou was fitted and chosen to hold three cabinet positions under Roosevelt.

Not so very long ago I asked Cortelyou as to the outstanding quality in McKinley's character. His reply was:

"Courage."

It was courage that won for McKinley the brevet rank of major from President Lincoln while serving as a private in a regiment commanded by General Rutherford B. Hayes.

Cortelyou's close intimacies with McKinley enhanced his deep affection for the chief whom he so loyally served to the tragic end. He even cared for the widow and helped with the memorial at Canton provided from the

contributions of over a million children in this and foreign lands.

In one of his chats with us boys, McKinley discussed the basic value of education and a college course:

"Education is a requirement of all times. Luck will not last, you cannot count on it; but knowledge—what you know—is something that is not subject to the hazard of bankruptcy proceedings. Labor is the only key to real opportunity."

An elimination of secretive methods in business came with the increased use of the X-ray. Professor Langley was busy at the Smithsonian Institution with Professor Bell developing a heavier-than-air flying machine made of steel. When he declared that an expenditure of one horsepower in horizontal flight made it possible to sustain a load of 200 pounds through the air at a speed of 50 miles an hour, there were jeers of doubt. Although his first test failed, his plans for an aerodrome as a part of war defense of the future came to pass at that time without thought of the tragic shadows of battles in the air as witnessed in the World War—both the first war and the present conflict.

McKinley's deep-set gray eyes with overhanging brows, his kindly smile and dignified but gracious poise remain an impressive portrait in the halls of memory. When I saw him bid good-by at the head of the White House steps to Judge William Howard Taft, whom he had called from Ohio to send 10,000 miles to the Philippines on a mission involving untried problems of government, it

was like a parting of father and son instead of a President's farewell to a future chief executive of the nation.

Can I ever forget those tense days of '98 at the White House, and President McKinley, the ghastly pallor on whose cheeks and the deep wrinkles under the eyes indicated his struggles against the insistent call for war with Spain. As a soldier he knew what followed in the wake of war—and waited, praying to avert hostilities.

During his second campaign I was with McKinley at his home in Canton and noted that the pavement in front of his house contained "Imperial Bricks" marked in plain letters. I wrote a fanciful story of this "Dynasty of a Caesar established on the Appian Way of Imperial Bricks on which was located the home of a tyrant, surrounded by loving little children, neighbors, and the workmen on the street at his Royal Court." McKinley smiled as he read my story.

"You forgot to picture Nero fiddling while Rome was burning," he remarked, "for I *have* played the fiddle."

President McKinley's favorite plays were "Rip Van Winkle" with Joe Jefferson, David Belasco's magic productions, and "The Little Minister," written by James M. Barrie, the wistful Scotsman who was to be elevated to knighthood by his sovereign.

I was thrilled when I received a telegram from Secretary George B. Cortelyou inviting me to Canton. The President already had christened my periodical—*The National Magazine*—when I unfolded to him my ambition to become a magazine editor after losing the con-

sulate. He suggested that the word "National" had a new meaning to the country. I had shown him also a copy of a treasured volume made up of the favorite poems of a sainted mother, which I wanted to print in a book as her monument. He commented:

"What a wonderful thing—our heart memories! Why don't you ask the people to help you by sending in their favorite poem? Add these to your mother's scrapbook and it will reflect the enduring sentiment of the plain people, as Lincoln loved to call us."

This book was christened "Heart Throbs."

Every day seemed the conflux of centuries in McKinley's time. Lincoln grew in the midst of sorrows and clouds, while McKinley grew in happiness and sunshine—the harbinger of a peace which inspired new hope for the consummation of the eventual outlawry of war. McKinley had that one touch of nature that has helped, in some ways, to make the world kin. He repeated to me shortly before he made his last address words that burned themselves into my heart and memory:

"Make friends, keep friends and deserve friends."

Standing directly in front of the platform in Buffalo, in the scorching sun, I felt waves of affection pouring out toward McKinley as he delivered what we little dreamed was a President's farewell address—one that has taken its place with that of Washington. He began:

"Expositions are the timekeepers of progress. They record the world's advancement. They stimulate the

energy, enterprise, and intellect of the people, and quicken human genius. They go into the home.

"The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals.

"Let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness, and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of the earth."

An enthusiastic exposition throng greeted McKinley at the Temple of Music in Buffalo as the strains of the great organ pealed a joyous welcome to the beloved Chief Executive.

He began shaking hands, looking directly into the eyes of the people with a smile.

In the twinkling of an eye, two dastardly shots were exchanged for the friendly hand.

Now witness McKinley as he drooped under the blow. The madding crowds surged about the assassin, seeking to tear him limb from limb. The gentle voice of McKinley was heard pleading for his assassin—"Don't let them hurt him"; and then "My wife! Be careful, Cortelyou, how you tell her—oh, be careful." The news was broken gently to his beloved wife.

The heroic resignation in his brief respite of life while

the country waited and prayed during those long days of suspense on to that gray dawn when he bade his beloved and the world good-by showed in his dying words: "It is God's way. His will, not ours, be done."

Great throngs gathered at his tomb in a glorious September sunset. The radiance of a noble life was leading like a kindly light on to the realm of Christlike ideals.

Over the hills and plains, through the forests, down the valleys, in every city, town, hamlet, and village, echoed as one continuous, all-pervading requiem, the refrain of "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

To me, the one great victorious note of McKinley's triumphant life came in those last moments; taps sounded for the courageous soldier, the crusader of peace, the gentle soul of McKinley.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Always a hot time in the old town when Teddy Roosevelt arrived! The youngest man ever to take oath as President of the United States, he fired the imaginations of the American youth with his activities and Rough Rider virility, and aroused the people to a new conception of citizenship.

My first memory of Teddy Roosevelt is associated with his cowboy days, when he visited the ranch of Marquis de Mores at Medora, N. D. I was editing a weekly paper in that area. We kept hearing of this bespectacled "tender-

foot" who had been in the New York legislature—the scion of a wealthy old Dutch family. He made good "local item."

Theodore Roosevelt was born in New York City on East 23d Street in 1858 and was christened with a name associated with distinguished ancestors. He was the son of Theodore Roosevelt and was known as Junior. His mother was Martha Bulloch of Georgia, and in his veins was the blue blood of the South and of the North. Far from a rugged lad, he was sent to Maine and traveled abroad at an early age, but never was he far away from a book; he began life as an omnivorous reader.

Graduating from Harvard in 1880, he married Alice Lee in Weston, Mass. the same year. She was the mother of Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth. Returning to New York, he studied law and had his first flyer in politics in 1882, when he became a candidate for the legislature in the Silk Stocking district of New York City. William Waldorf Astor ran for Congress on the same ticket. He was defeated and left for England to become a self-expatriated American. Young Roosevelt, on the other hand, made a personal campaign without funds, meeting and mingling with all sorts of people in his district, from the fruit vender on to his Vanderbilt neighbors, and was elected and re-elected twice thereafter.

In 1884 he was chairman of the New York delegation at the convention which nominated James G. Blaine for President. Although he opposed the candidate in the convention, he stood by the ticket and refused to bolt Blaine's

nomination with many of his personal friends who were Mugwumps.

His young wife having died, in 1884 he went West—a lonely man—in search of health.

Here he had an experience which influenced his later life—he fell in love with the freedom of life in the West. Returning to New York two years later, he was a candidate for mayor, and although defeated, made an impressive campaign. This was the year he married Edith Kermit Carow, a playmate of childhood.

Appointed by President Harrison on the Civil Service Commission in 1889, he continued in this work under President Cleveland until 1895, when he became president of the Police Board in New York, making a record even in failure that further impressed his fellow-citizens in the metropolis. He was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy by President McKinley, and there gained an insight into the vital necessity of preparedness. Assuming the initiative, his elders shook their heads with the remark, "He goes too fast for Washington." Resigning, he volunteered and enlisted in the Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War.

At San Juan Hill he won distinction as a soldier under the singing bullets of the Mausers coming from the block houses. The spectacular accounts of the Rough Riders Regiment and their achievements left him something of a military hero.

At the National Republican Convention in Philadelphia in 1900, the plot was matured by the bosses to shelve him

as a candidate for Vice-President on the ticket with William McKinley who was unanimously renominated for President.

At the age of forty-two Theodore Roosevelt took the oath of office as President of the United States in the library of the Wilcox residence in Buffalo, standing under the chandelier, near the fireplace, in the company of books and friends, soon after the tragic assassination and passing of President McKinley.

I had remained in Buffalo until Theodore Roosevelt became President of the United States, and saw tears glistening in his eyes as he raised his head after kissing the Bible in the softened light of the room on Delaware Avenue where the newspapermen thought they beheld a new Roosevelt. He declared he would carry on the McKinley policies and he first gave his attention to that pledge.

It was soon evident in Washington that there was a livewire in the White House. Ancient and hoary precedents and traditions of the Executive office went a-glimmering the very first week he sat in the swivel chair. Whispered conferences in the President's office were not tolerated. Roosevelt's staccato tones would shout out his replies to the discomfiture of the "pussy foots)" who felt that it was not a Presidential conference with the room filled with visitors listening to what it was all about. His hearty greetings, reported and unreported, and quick retorts were impressive material for front-page stories.

In the most informal way, sitting on the edge of the

table or walking across the room, Roosevelt chatted with reporters, without restraint. Brusque, direct, and frank, he startled the veterans accustomed to speak under their breath of all matters pertaining to the President.

Nearly every month I was privileged with a face-to-face chat with Roosevelt. In the old Cabinet room at the White House, I suggested that he send someone to London to the coronation of King Edward VII and make oral report of human-interest details that might escape official attention and prove of interest to him. I had hardly finished when he broke in:

"Chapple, that's a bully idea. Whom would you suggest?"

With a faraway look aloft, I replied:

"Modesty forbids me to mention his name."

"By Jove, Chapple, you're no shrinking violet. Take this letter and go—but you're too late."

"Mr. President," I replied with a bow, "my passports and tickets are ready. I shall arrive on the morning of the coronation."

While I was saying this, he had written on the White House stationery, dated July 30, a letter to Ambassador Choate, glowing with words I cannot resist repeating: "Joe Chapple is a good fellow and has done excellent work."

Arriving in London, I found Ambassador Choate had already left the Embassy for Westminster. It was then nine o'clock—the procession was to pass at ten—and here I was without tickets. Soldiers interfered with my rapid transit, even after I had made my way through the first

lines, because, I presume, of my dignified, ducal bearing and self-assurance, due to having on my person a letter from President Roosevelt.

Watching the procession, for it was the first coronation in fifty years, I was thrilled to see the foremost figures of Great Britain as they passed in review.

Just then a "Bobby" appeared and asked for my pass. I pulled from the depths of my princely Prince Albert the magic letter.

"That don't go here, y'know. You're under arrest."

He handed me back the letter, presuming me to be an impostor. The bobby marched me over to Lord Bradford, and in as commanding a voice as possible I fairly shouted:

"From the President of the United States!"

It worked. With a wave of his hand I was handed over to the British authorities—as a guest.

We entered the north transept and in the dim light of those historic walls I beheld the coronation of a king—and kept thinking of a Presidential inauguration.

When the Prince of Wales, later King George V, advanced, touching the crown—the first to swear fealty to the newly crowned sovereign—father and son embraced, the one touch of filial devotion which seemed to make us all akin.

Big Ben rang out. The king had been crowned.

My escort was a Scotsman "bobby," and he, of course, was eager to call my attention to the Scottish Scone, a stone chair in which the kings and queens of Great Britain are crowned. He also pointed out the Highlanders in kilts

marching by with their bagpipes playing. "Hoot, mon, there's real Teddy soldiers for you," he shouted. "There's nae mollycoddles among 'em."

Somehow Roosevelt had a way of always knowing what was going on in the world through unofficial as well as official sources. He insisted that the United States was a world power, and gave close attention to army and navy affairs. Advancement of the young officers, including Captain Pershing, Colonel Funston and Colonel Wood to Generals defied army traditions. Special legislation was required to carry out his plan, but that did not appall him, for he proposed to keep the world young.

Ordering the fleet around the world, Roosevelt served notice that Uncle Sam was prepared for business and desired, first of all, to be friendly and sociable with all the nations of the world. An outstanding phase of his administration was the constant planning for preparedness. His experience of the Spanish-American War made him determined to have his country ready for every emergency.

The plan of citizens' training camps was evolved by him when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy and continued on from the Spanish-American War to the World War, where he met with the one great disappointment of his life when refused the privilege of raising a division for service overseas, and his friend General Leonard Wood was denied a command with the Expeditionary Force in France.

The city-born boy brought together the wild West, the effete East, the educated, the ignorant, rich, poor, capital

and labor. They all admired the dominant influence of the Roosevelt personal platform, which was "A square deal for every man."

Tone-deaf, Roosevelt could scarcely tell one song from another. His favorite poem and song was "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," by Julia Ward Howe. He could recognize that song whenever played or sung. The one popular song he was always able to identify was "Garry Owen," whether sung in Gaelic, English, or played by the band.

In 1903 came the great strategic act of his life. He threw down the gauntlet and made the Panama Canal a reality. The purchase from the French company was completed, and a revolution had started in Panama while Colombia delayed. In a flash of Rooseveltian action, the new republic was recognized and arrangements made for the Canal Zone. The House of Representatives had already voted to accept the Nicaraguan route, before the Senate had declared for Panama with only eight dissenting votes.

The Rooseveltian motto, "Speak softly, but carry a big stick," did not indicate the full-orbed genius of the Rough Rider President. Warlike and aggressive in his nature, paradoxically as it may seem, Roosevelt was a potent influence for peace. This was successfully demonstrated in his bringing about the peace conference at Portsmouth, N. H., which concluded the hostilities of the Russian and Japanese War.

The settlement of the coal strike, the irrigation projects of the West, the conservation of public lands and resources

were outstanding events of Roosevelt's administration.

The Venezuelan controversy, which he referred to The Hague tribunal, was a very direct and positive reference to the Monroe Doctrine. He promptly sent a blockade fleet to southern waters to emphasize his determination to be thoroughly understood. For a time there were preparations and ugly actions which looked like war.

I last met Theodore Roosevelt at his magazine editorial desk—we were now brother editors—shortly before I sailed for France. In December, 1918, following the Armistice, I made the trip over the Vosges Mountains, from France to Germany. At Chambray we left the road and went far across the muddy fields to a lone enclosed spot on the hillside. On the grave were withered flowers and three crosses—the blue German cross, the French cross, with its wreath of immortelles, and the American cross encircled with stars and stripes. On it was a disk which had been taken from the wrist of the fallen soldier. We touched it tenderly, as we would the petals of a rose and we read "Quentin Roosevelt." Peeping up beneath the blanket of withered leaves, emblematic of the uniform he wore, was a tiny blue violet.

Just then the leaden sky seemed to open up and the azure blue above greeted the tiny blossoms below. We knelt as the chaplain said a word of prayer. Near at hand was a tablet marking the spot where the daring young aviator had fallen in his blazing machine. On this tablet I wrote a note of the little violet while the paper was spattered with rain. This was sent on to Mrs. Joe, and she

sent it to Colonel Roosevelt. It was one of the last he ever read. He gave utterance to that wonderful consolation to the gold star mothers and fathers when he said,

"Let my son lie where he fell."

France will never forget the flowers and violets for Quentin Roosevelt's grave.

A few days later, in January, 1919, Theodore Roosevelt was laid to rest in the cemetery in Oyster Bay, amid the scenes of his home life at Sagamore Hill. Thousands gather about this simple tomb, inscribed with a name which tells a stirring chapter in two words as enduring as the nation he served—"Theodore Roosevelt."

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

THE FIRST TIME I ever saw William Howard Taft was when he arrived at the White House in response to a call from President McKinley.

The perplexing problem of the hour was the Philippines.

Judge Taft, who was then on the Federal bench in Cincinnati, arrived in the forenoon. We newspapermen waited long hours before the portly form emerged from the President's office. The smile on McKinley's face answered the query—Taft had accepted the mission to go to the Philippines. As they shook hands in parting, a suddenly serious look came over Judge Taft's face as he doubtless visioned the problems 10,000 miles away; but

it was followed quickly by a sunny smile and chuckle of good cheer.

A biographic flash of the life of President Taft reveals that on a mid-September day in 1857 a blue-eyed baby was born in Cincinnati on the banks of the Ohio. The father was Hon. Alfonso Taft, a native of Vermont, who moved west to practice law and became judge of the Superior Court. His mother was Louisa Torrey Taft, born in Boston, the daughter of a West India merchant.

At the time William Howard Taft graduated from public schools, his father was appointed Secretary of War by President Grant, and later Attorney General. During these years young Taft did not spend much time with his parents in Washington, for he was a busy boy at Yale, making college friends and having a jolly good time while earning his degree of Bachelor of Arts. As the orator of the class of '78, he felt that he had made a real start in life, according to the traditions of Eli.

Two years later he graduated from the Cincinnati Law School, securing first prize, and becoming a full-fledged lawyer admitted to practice in the Supreme Court. In the meantime he tried his wings at newspaper reporting on the Cincinnati *Times* and later on the *Commercial*. This brought him in touch with the local political situation.

Appointed assistant prosecuting attorney, he moved on fast after one year of political activities, becoming Collector of Internal Revenue under President Arthur. After a few months in office he resigned and vigorously practiced law for three years, when another call to hold public office

promoted him to the bench with people calling him Judge. Elected to succeed himself for five years, he was going strong for a mark in the judiciary ranks when President Harrison appointed him as Solicitor General of the United States. Arriving in Washington in 1890 to be sworn in, he found the portrait of his father in the Attorney General's office and felt quite at home.

It was a happy day for Judge Taft when he was appointed to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, where he made some important and far-reaching decisions. On the fourth of July, 1901, he was named as the first Civil Governor of the Philippines by McKinley, and came within speaking distance of the Presidency.

While assistant solicitor of Hamilton County, William Howard Taft married Helen Herron, daughter of Judge Herron, who was a former law partner of President Hayes.

It was later at Millbury, Mass., that Taft finally decided to run for the Presidency, in response to the insistence of Theodore Roosevelt. There was a family conference. We newspapermen waited to flash the news, while Taft with his family was enjoying a visit with his mother's sister, Aunt Delia, whose pies became famous overnight with the hearty endorsement of a nominee for President.

The Republican Convention nominating Taft in 1908 was more than a perfunctory affair, for it required all the force of President Theodore Roosevelt with a threat of running himself if other candidates interfered. It required the lively activity of Chairman Frank Hitchcock to keep delegates in line. Timothy Woodruff of New York was

present with his glaring waistcoat, a most colorful bit of the convention setting. There were many protests against what was called "steam-roller" methods, which was humorously indicated when a chorus of imitation steam whistles followed a roll-call.

William Jennings Bryan, in his third regular race as the Democratic nominee for President, was the opposing candidate.

Large of frame, with twinkling blue eyes, a smile and contagious laughter, Taft's genial ways won for him the affection and admiration of many, including President Roosevelt, who had singled him out as one of the prime favorites in his Cabinet and selected him as the logical successor of the Rough Rider President.

Mrs. Taft was an accomplished musician, and many musicales were held in the East Room during her stay at the White House. Their New Year's reception was the climax of a social season in which thousands were welcomed to the Executive Mansion.

This period marked a sharp change in musical compositions. Ernest Ball and other ballad composers were instrumental in changing the trend of American popular music. During this transition the White House concert program clung tenaciously to the more classical, but the popular songs of the day would have their chance, for along came Irving Berlin, the composer of "God Bless America," with his "Alexander's Ragtime Band," as popular today in "swing" as it was in the early era.

President Taft became our first golfing President and

was photographed in more positions on the golf links than Bobby Jones. In his golf was the same Taft fellowship as in all his other widely varied contacts with all sorts and conditions of human beings.

A dominant Taft administration measure was reciprocity with Canada, discussed in season and out of season, which looked forward to closer political and economic relations with the Dominion. This measure in 1911, incidentally, resulted in the defeat of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, statesman, and the Liberal chieftain of Canada. Laurier had favored reciprocity.

A survey of events in the Taft Administration also includes the inauguration of parcel post and zoning of the country in mail service, postal savings and the bill creating the Department of Labor, the Railroad Act, Conservation Bill and the admission of New Mexico and Arizona to statehood, the last two stars to be added to the flag, completing the present sisterhood of contiguous States.

Appropriate to the judicial aspect of the administration, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis made his famous decision, fining the Standard Oil Company $29,000,000. These figures may somewhat reflect the general prosperity of the times.

Aviation was budding into reality during Taft days at the White House. In July, 1909, the Wright airplane was exhibited to the President and members of Congress in Washington.

Can I ever forget the picture of staid senators looking

aloft with wide-open mouths as the heavier-than-air machine floated through the air with human freight?

The candidacy of Roosevelt for the Presidency against Taft's renomination crystallized early in 1912. In the Republican primaries Colonel Roosevelt made a tremendous showing in securing delegates. The Republican National Convention in Chicago that year—one of the most acrimonious of modern times—renominated Taft.

Even the isolation of high judicial position and the cloister of the Supreme Court Chambers had not suppressed Taft's bubbling sense of humor, for he would have his little joke now and then with his staid judicial associates on the bench, fully robed, in the march across the corridors of the Capitol to the Supreme Court room.

Former President Taft was the first chief executive of the nation ever to occupy the exalted position of Chief Justice.

In the Supreme Court room where the former President, later Chief Justice Taft, presided, were heard the golden voices of Henry Clay and eloquent Calhoun, together with the stirring perorations of Webster and Hayne in debate. It was formerly the Senate Chamber of the United States.

WOODROW WILSON

The majestic music of "Old Hundred," familiar in divine worship, was a favorite with Woodrow Wilson.

His eyes gleamed with the spirit of deeply religious forbears as he heard it played as a refrain by a band at his inauguration as Governor of New Jersey, the first political office that he had ever held.

In the fading light of December 28th in the year 1856, a child was born in the old Manse at Staunton, Virginia, the "Mother of Presidents."

The father of President Wilson was a native of Ohio, which also produced Presidents, and this child of Scottish-Irish ancestry, religious leaders of the Presbyterian faith, was named Thomas Woodrow Wilson. His paternal and maternal grandfathers and his father were Presbyterian clergymen, and the mother, Janet Wilson, felt that her son would continue the family traditions when he was baptized—bearing her father's name.

As a lad of ten, "Tommy" Wilson, as he was called, witnessed the closing scenes of the great fratricidal struggle. A boyhood glimpse of General Robert E. Lee remained a life inspiration.

From the day he arrived at Princeton University Wilson evinced keen interest in debating societies and became a member of Whig Hall. Graduating in the class of 1879, he was recognized as star extemporaneous speaker at Princeton on the subjects of history and civics.

Then, after securing his Ph.D. at Baltimore, he became known as Dr. Woodrow Wilson, and his thesis of those student days was the subject matter of a textbook that was later widely used in colleges.

While Associate Professor of Political Science at Bryn

Mawr he married Ellen Axson, daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman of Rome, Ga. Removing to the Wesleyan University in Connecticut, he made a profound impression upon the student body with his pronounced views on government as it existed and as it should be.

Relentless in his criticism of Democratic bosses of machine-ruled New Jersey, he received a direct summons while on the golf links in 1910 to become the Democratic nominee for Governor.

At a banquet given by Cyrus Curtis to our Periodical Association in Philadelphia, Governor Wilson made his entry into the Presidential arena with a masterful speech. At the other end of the table was the late Senator Robert M. LaFollette then considered a candidate for President. Wilson had closed with an eloquent peroration on the spiritual unity of the nation that had flowered since the Civil War. LaFollette, fresh from his vigorous debates on the floor of the United States Senate, followed for hours and wore out the audience.

The unusually lucid phrases of Wilson's campaign speeches impelled even cynical New York newspapers to publish the addresses in full as "live copy." He was elected Governor on the Democratic ticket in a normally Republican state to the surprise of political prophets. The scope of his platform in the regulation of public service utilities resulted in the "Seven Sisters" bill. He boldly proposed legislative acts based on propositions he had presented in the classroom.

At an editorial meeting in Michigan, I obtained a

close-up picture of Woodrow Wilson, slender in form, scholarly in appearance, with gray-blue eyes gleaming behind glasses; a pointed face with strong firm chin and large lips. His smiles seemed to slowly overshadow his face, beginning with the wrinkles about his eyes and finally reaching his mouth. When he smiled he showed his teeth, indicating a keen sense of humor.

The battle for ballots between Wilson, Roosevelt, and Taft in the November elections resulted in making Woodrow Wilson the first President born south of the Mason and Dixon line since the days of Andrew Johnson.

In a felicitous response on the night of election, President-elect Wilson closed in a serious vein:

"I do not feel exuberant or cheerful. I feel exceedingly solemn. I have no inclination to jump up and crack my heels together. A weight of seriousness and responsibility seems to be pressing down upon me. I feel more like kneeling down and praying for strength to do what is expected of me."

A few days after the outbreak of the World War in August, 1914, Mrs. Ellen Axson Wilson was lying at the point of death. President Wilson was then facing the grim shadows of a world war and the deep sorrow of parting with the beloved wife who for thirty years had been his helpmate and inspiration.

President Wilson was kept busy these days, writing frequent notes concerning the negotiations with Germany on submarine warfare. Battling against the rising war fever in America, he made an address in Philadelphia to

newly naturalized citizens three days after the sinking of the "Lusitania" in which the sentence occurred:

"There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight. There is such a thing as a nation being so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right."

The four words "too proud to fight" in that speech did not appeal to the spirit of the country, at that time seething with indignation over the sacrifice of many precious American lives in the submarine warfare tried by Germany to bring Great Britain to a point of starvation.

When Germany proclaimed unrestricted submarine warfare, President Wilson announced within a week, on Feb. 3, 1917, severance of diplomatic relations with Germany.

The war fever in America grew more intense, and on April 2nd I saw Woodrow Wilson, calm and sure of his words, standing at the desk in the House of Representatives, delivering a war message to Congress.

Can I ever forget our emotions in the galleries during that long night session, April 6 which ended in the dawn of the 7th? As the roll call proceeded on the resolution for a declaration of a state of war, there was breathless suspense! The result was announced in the early morning of April 7, 1917.

The great soul of America was revealed as never before in these stirring war days of Wilson's administration, when the spirit of the real Republic was glorified.

When I left for overseas in February, 1918, we sailed without lights, with portholes curtained and even the scratching of a match on deck forbidden. Individual life preservers were always close at hand, waking and sleeping, and were even used as napkins at mess. A zigzagging course overseas was taken with the destroyers convoying, dodging about like a group of watchdogs, while mysterious signals of intercepted radio messages flashed incessantly.

At eleven o'clock on the historic 11th of November, 1918, the Armistice was officially signed. The last shot of the World War was fired and the Angelus that day rang in France with a new meaning that sounded like heralding angels of peace. The dark curtain of war was lifted, revealing along the battle front scenes of the bloodiest struggle between nations ever known in history. Seven million men laid down their arms; seven million others had made the supreme sacrifice.

The President decided to attend the Peace Conference in person. A thrill came to us Americans among the gay, shouting crowds in Paris when we saw our War President receiving an ovation that thrilled every drop of American blood in our veins. Silver letters were agleam over Place de la Concorde—"Vive le Wilson." Hotel Crillon, the Executive headquarters where Colonel House, Secretary Lansing and the American delegation gathered, was like the Congress Hotel in Chicago during a political convention. All Europe was then at the feet of Woodrow Wilson. Unparalleled receptions approaching adulation were

given him in England and Italy before the sessions began in the Hall of Mirrors.

What a historic scene we witnessed at the American Embassy in Paris at that first meeting of the representatives of the Allies! The imagination of the world was fired as the remaking of the map of Europe proceeded at the Peace Conference. Clemenceau and Foch were present with Pershing to meet the representatives of the allied nations—making a colorful and epochal overture for the opening scene of the peace negotiations.

During the long weary fight for his League of Nations, the Fiume incident, the stalking shadows of national greed for conquest appeared in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, where the Peace Treaty was signed on June 28, 1919. It included the League Covenant, which made it necessary for Wilson now to return to the United States and secure the endorsement of the people for his plan for his League, which the Senate later refused to confirm. He then grimly prepared for a transcontinental speaking tour to take his message direct to the people. He proceeded as far as Kansas when his last physical breakdown occurred.

President Wilson was a man who always understood principles but never seemed to understand men. He held aloof from the intimacies and counsel of friends; as he once remarked of himself "I have a one-track mind."

The last time I saw Woodrow Wilson was on March 4, 1921, when he drove from the White House in the brisk March wind, well bundled up, sitting beside President-

elect Warren G. Harding. At the Capitol he was compelled to take the elevator to go to the President's room, which had been the crowning scene of his great triumph two years before. Harding entered, a picture of health, with cheeks aglow. He stood by the side of Wilson, as he signed the last bills. The Committees from Senate and House made their formal call. The clock in the corner was ticking the seconds, marking the closing minutes of the Wilson Administration, as Harding handed him paper and pen. They looked into each other's eyes—almost as father and son. Just before the clock struck twelve, Harding bent down over Woodrow Wilson, and inquired in a kindly voice:

"Is there anything more, Mr. President?"

The last one to address Woodrow Wilson in his official position as President of the United States during his term of office was Warren G. Harding, his successor.

Three years of retirement at his home on S Street in Washington found former President Wilson broken in health but courageous in spirit, even surviving Warren G. Harding, his hale and hearty successor in office. Over the radio Woodrow Wilson broadcast his last public address on the eve of Armistice Day, 1923, reaffirming faith in the League of Nations to the last breath.

On February 3, 1924, his soul passed on, as a kneeling crowd of devoted followers outside his door prayed for the departing spirit of our World War President, who sleeps in a crypt of the Cathedral at Mount St. Albans, in Washington.

WARREN G. HARDING

THE AUTHOR now pays tribute to a President of the United States whom he not only met face to face, but one whose close friendship never failed through the earlier and later years, revealing a stalwart manhood and a full measure of constructive statesmanship that was ever attuned to a kind heart.

Forked tongues of scandal have failed to dim the fame of a President who was a human being of human beings and gave his country a constructive administration in the wake of which followed the greatest widespread prosperity ever known in the history of the nation.

The kindly spirit of a "little gray home in the West" reached the Executive Mansion when President Harding and his helpmate there took up their abode, after a ballot mandate representing a large popular majority.

My first meeting with Warren G. Harding was in his newspaper office in Marion, Ohio, where he figured how to make a linotype pay in a country print shop.

In 1899 I heard he had been elected to the State Senate of Ohio and bought a new linotype, but he wrote me more about the machine than about himself. After four years in the Ohio Senate he became Lieutenant Governor and found himself absorbed in politics—true Ohioan that he was.

Nominated for Governor in the fateful year 1910, when factional division threatened the Republican ticket, Hard-

ing was defeated, but his defeat was the shadow of coming victories.

He said to Mrs. Harding:

"Now, Duchess, we will keep on running the *Star* and make a trip over the salt seas to shed our briny tears."

Two years later he was elected to the United States Senate from Ohio by over 100,000 majority. On arriving in Washington, he told me he had reached the zenith of his political ambition.

"What greater honor can any man have than to be Senator from Ohio?" he said. "My ambition now is to do the work in such a manner that I will be a credit to my State."

. . . . .

Electric lights flashed full upon stirring scenes at the Coliseum in Chicago when the Republican Convention opened in 1920.

The Wood and Lowden forces locked horns for a battle royal. The first ballot, following a battery of nominating speeches, revealed that neither of the two leading candidates could be nominated.

Many of the delegates in attendance four years previous remembered the young chairman of 1916. When the situation suggested a dark horse, they began whispering to one another, "How about Harding?"

Before the shower of red feathers falling from the roof as a spectacular demonstration for Leonard Wood had

passed—the delegates were discussing Harding as the logical compromise candidate. It became evident that the Lowden vote was naturally drifting to the Ohio man, and soon Harding heard the whistles and bells that announced his nomination.

Making my way to the "little gray home" on Mount Vernon Avenue, I witnessed the early setting of the scenes of an Ohio Presidential porch campaign, suggestive of McKinley days at Canton.

Gravitating to the office of the Marion *Star,* the sniff of benzine and the busy activities of getting out the paper furnished an atmosphere of realism for describing Warren Harding's career.

On the walls of his editorial nook, I deciphered instructions printed as to the policy of his newspaper, which was reflected all through his public life:

"Remember there are two sides to every question. Get both. Be truthful. Get the facts. Mistakes are inevitable, but strive for accuracy. Be decent; be fair; be generous. Boost—don't knock. There's good in everybody. Bring out the good in everybody, and never needlessly hurt the feelings of anybody. In reporting a political gathering tell the story as it is. Treat all parties alike. Treat all religious matters reverently. If it can be avoided, never bring ignominy to an innocent man or child in telling of the misdeeds or misfortunes of a relative. Above all, be clean, and never let a dirty word or suggestive story get into type. I want this paper so conducted that it can go into any home without destroying the innocence of any child."

The Harding family moved to Caledonia where young Warren began the printer's trade in the *Argus* office. Here he passed the formative years that count so much in the life of American youth.

After graduating from high school, he attended Central Ohio College, edited the college newspaper. In 1882 he received a degree and bade his college mates good-by, with his diploma and a printer's rule in his pocket.

Starting for Marion, the county seat, he determined to become an editor.

With two companions he decided to purchase the waning *Star*. Although changing its policies, he started in to make a real home paper and organized a baseball club, realizing that a country editor must become a part of the popular activities in his community.

Then entered the slender and energetic young bride, Florence Kling Harding, who helped to give the *Star* a permanent place in the newspaper firmament—because she gathered in the pennies.

During the Presidential campaign of 1920 in Harding's home city, delegations from all over the country greeted him on his front porch in Marion.

Brass bands played night and day, as visitors on foot and delegations in motor cars were greeted by the candidate and his wife. Among the campaign slogans was "Back to Normalcy."

On Nov. 2, 1920 he celebrated his 55th birthday at a family dinner, and received the returns announcing that he had been elected President of the United States.

As President-elect he made a trip to Texas to come close to the border trouble on the Rio Grande, and later received a rousing reception at New Orleans. From this port he sailed for Panama, following a plan of obtaining first-hand information concerning his executive responsibilities.

Early in the campaign, Harding announced that he would ask his running mate, Calvin Coolidge, to participate in Cabinet meetings, thereby establishing a new precedent.

And now, the great after-election problem of selecting a Cabinet.

When announced, it was hailed as one of strong men, including Charles Evans Hughes, Andrew Mellon, Herbert Hoover, John W. Weeks and James J. Davis, who still continued on in succeeding administrations.

There were others whom it was felt later betrayed the faith and confidence the President had unreservedly reposed in them, for he realized that he had to rely upon others to help him.

The first inaugural address to be broadcast was that of President Harding. His cheery voice rang out with uncanny clearness to far distant cities, while 100,000 people on the Capitol grounds heard every word through amplifiers.

The war had increased the country's debt by staggering billions and he inaugurated the first budget system for a check on government expenses. The appalling post-war

adjustments and period of deflation Harding met fearlessly, but did not overlook the shrinking pay envelope when he declared:

"Capital and labor have a great rehabilitation problem. The problem must be settled to the best interests of all. I would not have the wages of a single American workman cut, but would demand, and we must have, a full day's work for a full day's pay."

One of his first chief concerns was the Veterans' Bureau, to care for the soldiers of the World War. He made a trip to New York and landed at Hoboken Pier where the khaki-clad boys had embarked for overseas, and there saw the bodies of 6,000 soldiers that had been brought home, draped in the Stars and Stripes.

Tears filled his eyes, and his voice grew husky as we heard him speak those memorable words:

"It must not be again. It *must* not be again. It *shall* not be again."

Again, in an address in New York, President Harding again foreshadowed policies he carried out, now firmly established, when he said:

"No people, no race, no continent, can live within itself alone. In our efforts to establish industrial justice we must see that the wage earner is placed in an economically sound position. His lowest wage must be enough for comfort, enough to make his house a home, enough to insure that the struggle for existence will not crowd out hope and the things that make life worth the living."

On Nov. 12, 1921, representatives of the allied nations gathered in Memorial Hall in Washington.

President Harding left his desk in the White House to deliver a welcome that opened wider the door for a world peace. He quoted from Scripture the words:

"Even as nobleness enkindleth nobleness, so will hope enkindle hope," and repeated the age-old dream of the prophet Isaiah:

"When nations shall not lift up sword against nations, neither shall they learn war any more."

When he had finished, Premier Briand of France impulsively grasped one hand, while Balfour of England took the other.

Fearlessly facing the farm problem in the West, industrial and labor deflations, Harding now began to understand that some of his so-called friends were wavering.

Meeting the great railroad strike courageously on the eve of the November elections, he knew full well the results of the injunction issued by the Department of Justice. He was compelled to cut 100,000 people from Uncle Sam's pay roll and he made no appointments to fill these vacancies. The appalling disclosures of the aircraft report and Shipping Board entanglements involved the liquidation of billions of dollars to be carried through while the fervor of war graft was still warm.

"Some day," he said, "people may understand what some of my friends have done in critical times when I depended so much on them."

Freer from major strikes or industrial disturbances than

it had been for many years, the country was enjoying a return of prosperity. The public debt had been reduced $500,000,000 with plans for a reduction of a half billion each succeeding year. The indebtedness of Great Britain was funded on a sound basis; government expenditures were reduced $3,000,000,000 the first fiscal year of the Harding administration, which closed with a surplus of over $300,000,000 and further encouraged the people to look forward confidently to continued good times and a reduction of heavy tax burdens.

The pioneer work of President Harding was the turning point for a later era of unexpected prosperity.

Chief Justice Hughes summarized thus:

"President Harding exhausted himself in service, a martyr in fidelity to the interests of the people for whom he labored with passionate devotion. He was President of the people, indulging no consciousness of superiority. Nothing human was alien to him, and he had 'the divine gift of sympathy.' He wrought mightily for the prosperity of the nation and for the people of the world, but he clothed the exercise of power with the beautiful garment of gentleness."

When Harding and I started on the western trip I saw the list of the various speeches he planned to deliver in face to face talks with the people covering every phase of national questions pertinent to their respective localities.

On the first stop, at St. Louis, he addressed International Rotary on Fellowship, which seemed to dispel partisan prejudice.

Mrs. Harding's favorite song "A Perfect Day" was sung and played.

Passing up the gang plank of the good ship *Henderson* at Tacoma, the President turned to me and said:

"Only four more speeches to write—now for a glorious holiday that will remind us of our wonderful trip to Panama, sailing toward the farthest north frontier of the country."

The tour had a specific official purpose to untangle the Alaskan puzzle. The party included Secretary Hoover, Secretary Work and Secretary Wallace—three members of the Cabinet who had to do directly with the questions of conservation of natural resources in the public domain.

Governing Alaska then involved the authority of five Cabinet offices and twenty-eight bureaus. "And Alaska still lives" grimly commented Harding, in noting the fact.

Into the placid waters of Resurrection Bay with its perpendicular pillars of mountains, now renamed the Harding Gateway, the President boarded a solid Pullman train and traveled over a railroad built and owned by the Government, a thousand miles to the Arctic Circle and back amid the somber, melancholy splendors of Alaska, passing through valleys covered with verdure that resembled our prairies of the west.

At Anchorage, approaching midnight the people flocked from their bungalow homes surrounded by luxuriant vegetable and flower gardens. In that uncanny yellow sheen of mingled dusk and dawn, the President remarked:

"I don't know whether to address you good people by wishing you 'Good morning' or 'Good evening.'"

Laying aside the pencil with which he was writing another speech, while at Seward, the President suggested with a twinkle in his eye, "Joe, let's play hookey this morning."

One of the most inspiring sights I have ever looked upon was the ovation given President Harding by the Canadians at Vancouver. It had that something about it that made us physically feel the waves of sincere affection pouring out toward him.

When he arose, he said: "While I may not call you fellow citizens, I can call you fellow Americans and neighbors, the sort of neighbors who can borrow eggs over the back fence, and still remain friends."

On the walls of my memory is hung the picture of Harding as I saw him one evening. Tall—six foot one, handsome, ruddy skin, blue eyes, prominent features, with a shock of prematurely gray hair, we cynical newspapermen commented that night that he was the handsomest looking man we had ever seen, in full evening dress, with eyes sparkling with merriment and a kindly smile that began with the mouth and radiated upward.

The next day I observed dark lines under his eyes and yellowing of the skin which indicated he was far from a well man. In fact, he had said months before: "This is a man-killing job, and I may not live out my term."

Arriving at Seattle on the hottest day of the year, an effort was made to keep him in bed; but the President

responded to the pleas of the people of Seattle, who had gathered by tens of thousands to welcome him. It was a long weary day, but he kept on "smiling through."

That night he fell desperately ill as the train speeded southward. Disappointed crowds hovered about the train with the President on board fighting the last great battle of his life.

On Sunday morning, he was helped from the train in San Francisco, as the cameras caught the last likeness taken of the beloved features of Warren Harding.

Crowds thronged about the Palace Hotel, where there was a hush of stillness, while the country, in suspense, waited for news from the bedside with hopes and prayers.

Then came the sunset at the Golden Gate on August 2, 1923; while listening to his beloved wife reading to him a glowing tribute of affection and love from a brother editor —in the twinkling of an eye, after the words "Go on!"— he passed to eternal rest.

The music of his favorite hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee" continued on in one endless refrain, as the train bearing the remains moved on to the East across the continent through an avenue of sorrow and mourning.

In the offing gathered the tempests of the Teapot Dome following Harding's death, containing much political fire, but the ends of justice have been served, as friends of the real Harding feel that he would have firmly carried them out—had he lived.

In a few brief months, Mrs. Harding had passed on;

and despite the demons that would destroy our faith in God, our faith in humanity and our faith and appreciation of the greatness, goodness and gentleness of our after-war President, Warren G. Harding, Justice holds the scales in grateful memory of a President endued with an undying love for his fellow man.

It was Calvin Coolidge who placed the name of Warren Harding beside that of Abou-ben-Adhem as one who had led all the rest in love of his fellow men.

Read the eloquent, well-measured words of Calvin Coolidge in *his* estimate of Warren Harding and his administration:

"President Harding caught the ear of a war-tired world. He called our country back to paths of peace and gladly it came. He beckoned the nations to come and sit in council. He pointed them the way to peace. He set an example of readiness to cast away the sword from the arm of might. He sought for men and nations a peace—the only true and lasting peace—based on justice and right. His sincerity and frankness won to his side those who sensed the great truth of human brotherhood.

"Remembrance holds before us the picture of his patience, forbearance, faith, and Christian tolerance. Those are rare virtues, too seldom found among the men who have the strength to rise to high places. They are the virtues that men need to seek and cultivate in these years of stress in the world. They point the way to salvation for men, for nations, for humanity itself."

CALVIN COOLIDGE

HUSHED commotion came to the old farmhouse in Plymouth, Vt., at an early hour Aug. 3, 1923.

News had reached the village, from Bridgewater, of President Harding's death.

Official instructions followed from the Secretary of State to the Vice-President. Unperturbed on awakening in the old farmhouse across the field from the house where he was born, Calvin Coolidge was called to the sitting room.

His father, a justice of the peace, in the light of a kerosene lamp on the sitting-room table, proceeded to swear in his son as President of the United States.

Thirteen minutes later the kitchen clock struck three.

Early dawn was breaking over the Green Mountains, as preparations were made for the departure to Washington. His automobile engine was started and waiting while Calvin Coolidge walked to the little burial plot across the field—alone—and bareheaded stood over the consecrated spot where reposed the remains of his beloved, beautiful mother and thought of that sweet face in the daguerreotype he carried with him through the years. Out of the shadows of a nation in mourning, this rising sun was the spotlight turned first on Calvin Coolidge as President of the United States.

Newspapermen entered through the folding doors, and it was evident from the cynical glances of some that they were not quite ready to give President Coolidge an en-

thusiastic welcome. He was looked upon by some as a sort of stepson or a fortunate heir who was the unexpected recipient of honors that might not have come through his own efforts.

The last New Englander to occupy the Presidency was Franklin Pierce, known as the handsomest man who ever occupied the Executive Chair. Then came this boy, born in Vermont, who was christened John Calvin Coolidge.

Four generations of the Coolidge family had earned a living and the means for an education from the old farm atop the Green Mountains. Colonel John Coolidge, the father, had served in the House and Senate of Vermont. Victoria Moor, the mother, was the early and enduring inspiration of the quiet, auburn-haired lad. His early life was a training in thrift—for it is said of the Vermonter that no matter how little he may earn during the year—he saves something.

When the Garfield campaign was on, little Calvin, aged eight, asked his father for a cent to purchase a stick of hoarhound candy. His request was refused with the explanation that the Democrats might carry the election and that it was a time to be exceedingly careful of pennies.

Garfield was elected and later Calvin was given the cent out of the jar where Mother had put aside the coins, and this jar was later pointed out by Calvin Coolidge on the mantelpiece at the old home in Plymouth as a cherished relic.

Precise in word and phrase, Calvin Coolidge as a young lawyer was known as an authority in grammar. While

reading law, a client entered and inquired for the head of the firm. "He is out," replied Coolidge, as he continued with head buried in Blackstone. "Then where is that there young tongue-tied clerk. I want *him* who runs the office." "I am he," said Coolidge, without looking up.

Somehow or other, Calvin Coolidge managed, betimes, to woo and win one of the most charming girls in New England for a wife, Miss Grace Goodhue of Burlington, Vermont. In a personal letter to me, written in his own handwriting many years later, while in the White House, he referred to her as "a refuge when all else fails."

I first met Calvin Coolidge when he was a member of the Massachusetts State Senate. His arrival on Beacon Hill did not occasion any great commotion. He went about his work in a matter of fact way and became President of the State Senate.

While in the presiding officer's chair, a member complained to him that a colleague had used unparliamentary language, telling him to go to hell.

"You don't need to go," was the laconic but consoling advice and counsel of Coolidge.

Like a bolt out of the blue skies, the police strike in Boston brought in its wake an explosive outburst of mob-spirit and lawlessness. The city found itself helpless against the ever-active criminal elements, unrestrained by the power of the police. The situation was fearlessly met by Edwin U. Curtis, the Police Commissioner, but it was necessary at the critical juncture for Governor Coolidge to act.

And he acted! His famous reply, "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time," flashed over the world, marking a man who knew how to express himself under the stress of a crisis.

Altogether the Boston police strike evidenced the triumph of the *volunteer spirit* of American citizenship. Out of this civic cataclysm came the calm figure of Calvin Coolidge, whose clarion call to duty sounded a refrain caught up by the people—"Have faith in Massachusetts."

The police strike of 1919 gave Calvin Coolidge a world fame—that emergency proved the stuff that was in him and that he had "second wind" in any race. The "law and order" issue projected him earlier than otherwise into the national arena. The night before the nomination at the Coliseum in Chicago, where the Republican Convention of 1920 convened, the friends of Calvin Coolidge had placed in the seats of the delegates, a little black book, containing some of his speeches entitled "Have Faith in Massachusetts."

It was felt that if Coolidge could have had the united support of New England, he might have been named as the "dark horse," instead of Harding, if also the Leonard Wood vote had swung to him, as would have seemed logical, because Wood was a native of Massachusetts.

A few days later, after his forty-eighth birthday, Calvin Coolidge was notified officially of his nomination as Vice-President at his home in Northampton, Mass.

One meeting with Calvin Coolidge in the White House impressed itself forever on my heart memories. Returning

to the Executive Office, following the hour that he rested after lunch, he was sitting at his desk in the Circular Room, smoking a cigar. It was not long after the dark shadow had fallen on the White House circle when his namesake and beloved son was taken.

On one side of the President's desk in his office was the United States flag in a standard, which he had placed there, just as it stood by his desk when he was governor of Massachusetts. His father, Colonel John Coolidge, entered, sat down, lighted a cigar. Father and son seemed to converse without a word.

The Colonel, then apparently strong and rugged, although far past threescore and ten, looked with some concern upon the pale-faced, slight form of his son. After completing a Vermont measure of conversation and finishing my business, I tiptoed out and left them alone.

The new Auditorium in Cleveland filled with people was the colorful scene of the nomination of Calvin Coolidge for President in June, 1924. The music of the great organ gave a proper Coolidge dignity to the occasion. The people joined in singing the old "heart songs," while the delegates gathered under the prismatic effects of electric lights, making it seem like the setting of a pageant.

High up in the gallery was John Philip Sousa, the veteran band leader, raising his baton for the popular march, "Stars and Stripes Forever," as the roll call proceeded, giving President Coolidge a hearty endorsement and nomination. "I am here to play this affair through to a victory," said Sousa with a smile.

There was a tang of New England energizing breezes on the day that Calvin Coolidge was inaugurated President in his own right, March 4, 1925. Vice-President Dawes had already delivered his "Hell an' Maria" speech to the Senate on the "Cloture Rule," the first and last speech that the Vice-President is permitted to make until he retires. Wrapped in a tight-fitting overcoat, emphasizing the word "unmistakable" with his right hand and "conclusive" with his left hand, both hands were uplifted when he referred to excessive and unnecessary taxes as "legalized larceny."

President Coolidge reached a telling climax in his speech when he exclaimed "America's job in the world today is to aid, but to remain American."

Knowledge of the Constitution and Government enabled him to remain adamant in the various assaults made by Congress to curtail the power of the President in appointments and making some commissions self-perpetuating. He realized that the President had the last word, and he knew how to say it without consulting the dictionary.

At high noon on one eventful day, his greeting to Charles A. Lindbergh in the shadow of the Washington Monument was heard by millions in the invisible radio audience.

In personal appearance at close range, Calvin Coolidge was difficult to describe. A prominent forehead, clear blue eyes, a mouth with lips that turned down in reflection or turn up like an inverted rainbow in a smile, possessing a natural poise, it was evident that posing was unnatural

to him. Considerate of others without making any fuss about it, his voice varied from the colloquial, Vermont Yankee drawl to an incisive expression, without suggestion of sectional accent.

Known as the first radio President, he delivered many important addresses over the air and his voice was heard by a large proportion of the millions of voters in the United States.

In fact, he was heard by more people in one speech than the total of all who listened to Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Bryan, Ingersoll and Beecher combined, during long and eventful careers.

Nation-wide radio hook-ups really began with the Coolidge administration.

At the time I met Calvin Coolidge at Mystic, South Dakota, on a fishing day during his vacation in the Black Hills, for one, I felt that his nomination and re-election to the Presidency in 1928 was inevitable. This was during the last days of July, 1927. En route to "Tippie Winnie Taska," a retreat hidden over behind mountains accessible only by trails and a tortuous road, for a day's fishing, the President pulled off his coat and helped push the lumber wagon up the hill, with Mrs. Coolidge riding in a spring seat.

On August 4th, the fourth anniversary of his induction into the Presidency, he announced definitely and succinctly—"I do not choose to run for President in 1928." Despite pressure of loyal friends and public opinion, he never wavered or offered further explanation of the

definite word "choose," which gained a glorified place in the vernacular of the day.

True to form, Calvin Coolidge retired to private citizenship as modestly as he began his public career and lived simply at the old home at Northampton, Mass., where over the mantel was a classic and appropriate quotation referring to the silent owl as a wise old bird.

Here Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge established an American home with which were associated the tenderest memories.

A few years later, Calvin Coolidge died in his Northampton retreat. His body was taken to the little country cemetery on the hill at Plymouth, Vt., and there he rests, beside those dear to him in life—his mother and father and his beloved son, Calvin.

HERBERT HOOVER

At a meeting at Hotel Savoy, London, of British and Americans, the problem was how to get food for the starving children in Belgium. There seemed to be no way to do it. Finally it was suggested that a modest-appearing man named Herbert Hoover, an American, be asked to formulate a plan. In a few weeks he had completed his task, and the name of Herbert Hoover was thus identified with the solution of a perplexing international diplomatic situation.

This was my introduction to Herbert Hoover, and all who worked with him in Europe during his activities

as food administrator recognized in him a clear-headed executive who inspired volunteer work. He was appointed Food Administrator by President Wilson, and that is why everyone associated with him in public service was so enthusiastic concerning his candidacy for the Republican nomination. No one was quite sure of his partisan leanings, but they recognized the genius of a constructive engineer in the way he met every problem that faced him. At the first convention in which his name was mentioned he was unable to gather votes from the political "hedges," but four years later, after service in the Cabinet in two administrations, the people began to realize what those who knew him had long known: he was of statesmanlike proportions.

The overwhelming vote which he received in 1928 proved conclusively that the masses appreciated his capacity for public service.

During the war I met him as he was just about to make one of his many perilous voyages to Belgium on his errand of mercy. He wore a life preserver around his neck while dining. One day he turned to me and said, "Joe, where did you get that Irish, Iowa, Mick face of yours?" I thought he was born in California, and when I told him I was born in Blackhawk County, Iowa, on Big Creek, he smiled and said, "Big Creek, near Cedar River? Well, I was born on the banks of the Cedar below La Fort City, now famous as the place where you were born." Naturally when he was nominated for President I visited the old

home and was with him when he made his acceptance speech at West Branch. The streets were lined with stalks of tall corn, and for the first time in its history there were Pullman cars on the sidetracks under the grain elevators. There I learned first-hand the story of a typical American boy. He had followed Horace Greeley's advice and gone West about the same time I went East. He became President.

During the sumptuous meal of ham and eggs served by the lady in stocking feet, who now owned the house, she asked Mr. Hoover if it was all okay, because the shoes that she had purchased in Cedar Rapids for the occasion pinched; and he told her to take off her shoes, for he was just a boy returning to the old home with memories of the barefoot days.

Besieged by telegrams from individuals all over the country who importuned him to put this and that in his speech of acceptance to get the "labor vote," the "farm vote," and the "hyphenated foreign vote," he left the table with me and sought refuge in a spot that recalled to him the days when he was just a small country boy—the old swimming-hole.

I had been with him in Alaska with the Presidential party and there, amid the somber, melancholy splendors of farthest North America, in the isolation of primeval forests, Herbert Hoover proved that he was a son of nature and a lover of the great outdoors whose hobby was fishing. On the return voyage, long before she was First

Lady of the land, I had found Mrs. Hoover possessed of unusual literary talent. As a fellow college student with Herbert Hoover she had translated a book from the Latin. I ventured to submit one of my poetic outbursts to her, and I have never collaborated with anyone who was quicker to adjust "feet" or meter in a lame bit of verse than Lou Henry Hoover. Imagine my delight when she got my iambic and hexameters adjusted to the precision of a taximeter, and my surprise when I discovered that she was born in Waterloo, Blackhawk County, and that I had spoken in the high school from which she was graduated.

Almost from the beginning Herbert Hoover had a battle with Congress to carry out his ideas for public welfare and secure the construction of the handsome buildings that now adorn the Capital. He originated the R. F. C., one of the few of the alphabetical groups that seems to have worked. He courageously faced the clouds of depression, and it is felt by many that his solution of working things out and taking it on the chin would have sooner ended our depression. Subsequent developments have proved that many of our bank failures were unnecessarily precipitated by his successor. Many banks that went down in the crash have paid up, despite the succeeding years of depression, in a way that indicates that Hoover coolness was more needed at that time than Roosevelt impulsiveness. If there is one man that the Rooseveltian forces have delighted to smear, it is Herbert

Hoover. They are still campaigning on the calamities of the panic ten years ago. It is perfectly apparent that all the peoples and nations of the world had their depressions because of the repercussions of the World War and the wild, speculative orgies that followed.

No President has ever stood more firmly for the rights of the individual or has had a more comprehensive grasp of American problems as they relate to the people than this small-town boy from Iowa.

I like to recall the picture of Herbert Hoover as President, with his quiet dignity and absence of all blustering. He had a habit of always looking down, but when he raised his head you saw long-lashed, keen blue eyes and an expression which conveyed to the observer the idea of controlled enthusiasm. One knew that this man had an infinite capacity for deliberate, constructive thought. This was further evidenced in his address to the Republican National Convention in 1940.

I visited his home in Palo Alto, Cal. He is the only living former President and is recognized as the first citizen of the Golden State. Well earned are the honors of our Elder Statesman. His active participation in the campaign for Willkie recalls the time when Herbert Hoover was termed a Democrat, not long before he received the Republic nomination for President.

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

During the World War with nearly all of the denizens of Washington in uniform, I called on Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt. I saw a tall young man, full of vim and vigor, who was even then evidently determined to follow in the footsteps of his distinguished cousin, the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, formerly President of the United States, who had occupied the same position under President McKinley. Fluent of tongue and enthusiastic in naval affairs by family tradition, his close-set eyes suggested a fitness for a political career. He took an active interest in New York State politics and in 1920 found himself a Vice-Presidential nominee on the ticket with James M. Cox of Ohio. They took the worst defeat of any candidates for many generations, but Roosevelt's speeches were impressive and powerful, and as a campaigner he proved to be a "top-notcher." As an ally and associate with Governor Alfred E. Smith, he aspired to other honors that had been won by Teddy Roosevelt and became Governor of New York, elected by an overwhelming majority to succeed Smith. While he was in the Executive Office in Albany I received from Franklin D. Roosevelt one of the tenderest letters that was ever written at Christmas time, in which he expressed a dislike for all who did not love children. Little did he dream that he was facing a physical calamity which would have demolished all hope of realizing his ambitions had he been an ordinary man, but not so with Franklin Roosevelt.

With his tall frame erect on crutches, he continued on and found himself a full-sized Presidential candidate with everything in the bag—except votes. Nothing daunted, he learned very quickly how to organize politically in company with James A. Farley who was his State Boxing Commissioner. When the clouds gathered that presaged the crash of '29 he was well along in training as a Presidential candidate. There was a campaign of protest brewing against the party in power. It was an era of alibis. President Hoover, without support of Congress, reaped the whirlwind. Nominated at Chicago after a bitter contest when California and Texas swung the deciding delegations, the name of Roosevelt was again hailed in the Presidential tournament.

Blessed with a perfect radio voice and presence, he soon knew how to follow up his greeting, "My Friends." He was pronounced the "champ" on the radio before Willkie arrived. All the Hollywood heroes faded in radio popularity when "Fireside Chats" were announced. Born with a silver spoon, he soon began ladling out a new brand of government known as the New Deal.

In those early days he was intensely interested in his plea and work for the unfortunate, and when he discovered through his "brain trust" the unlimited resources of the government he sought appropriations and a blank check from Congress. The Senate and the House, without political distinction, handed him the maximum of executive power with the expectation that he would hand it back "if, as, and when." The adoption of European

philosophies and European "isms" was apparent in his actions, even going to the extent of recognizing the Soviet Government of Russia. Congress became known as a sort of rubber stamp, since Roosevelt had emerged into leadership with the dream song, "Happy Days Are Here Again"; but somehow the dream of happy days was not realized. The ten millions out of employment continued at ten millions. The government indebtedness mounted. Billion-dollar appropriations slid across the table while gold bullion and silver were purchased at fancy prices—far above the market—and the glittering gold was buried in the hills of Kentucky.

Raised in the lap of luxury, it is not to be wondered that to Roosevelt the expenditure of huge sums of money seemed but the ordinary procedure. As a result, the country now finds itself with an Atlas-like burden of national debt, the greatest in history for those whose birthright was a spoon of pewter—not of silver. This is his gift to the millions.

Then came the magic alphabet, unfortunately limited to 26 letters, but Franklin Roosevelt just doubled them up until he reached triple A for the farmers. All of this resulted in making Uncle Sam a perennial Santa Claus, with no thought of balancing the budget. The budget just bounced!

Young people began to wonder where we were going with forty-five to fifty billions of indebtedness, for some of them remembered having heard about the mortgage on father's farm. The interest had to be paid.

Exhilarating days in Washington those—when the bureaucratic population increased by geometrical progression and astronomical figures were used in appropriation bills. All the world and his brother was on the national pay roll and raking leaves became a national pastime.

Let's have a glimpse of an F. D. R. press conference at the Executive Offices. Parking their hats and coats on a huge, circular Filipino table, the molders of public opinion shamble in to see the master molder. The President is sitting low at a desk, cigarette complete with holder, ever ready with a smile, a wise crack, or a joke. On either side of the desk chairs indicate a deadline, with secretaries and Secret Service men standing guard. Words are uttered that will flash to the corners of the earth as a Presidential edict. Stenographic notes are made of every word spoken, and no release is permissible until the interview is over and it is put "on the record." But the "off-the-record" comments are often the most interesting, when F. D. R. seems most like his real self.

The public welfare policies of F. D. R. indicated a broad sympathy with all vocations and callings except the public utilities and the "Economic Tories." "Soak the rich" became a battle cry with which to incite the less fortunate among us. The Roosevelt battle with business was on—the drift of the entire government seemed toward the Left.

But Wendell Willkie has arrived to take the wheel on Jan. 1, 1941. It needs no seventh son of a seventh son to foretell the outcome. This writer, a reporter of forty years' experience, can see the writing on the wall. When

the party in power is divided and the party out of power is united, it is evidence of a campaign of protest, and indicates an insistent call for a change.

America is never static.

In this book you have read some of my experiences with ten of the fourteen Presidents I have met face to face. Now turn to the cover of this book; there you may gaze upon the features of the 33d President of these United States, WENDELL L. WILLKIE.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I am deeply grateful to all who have so kindly helped in the preparation of this book. They truly exemplified the real Willkie volunteer spirit and proved themselves friends of all concerned. In the pressure for time the printer did not leave me room enough to include the entire list in this first edition. Every one will receive a personal note of appreciation—but even this personal letter cannot express the full measure of my gratitude, so again I say, "Thank you, every one of you."

Faithfully
Joe Mitchell Chapple

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